

The Criticisms of Kennedy T.R.B.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The End of Fear

All through the first week in May, the Negro school children of Birmingham ran through its streets in demonstrations against segregation which for size and exhilaration were beyond anything seen before in the South. Twenty-four hundred demonstrators were arrested; 2,000 remained for days in jam-packed jails and other places of detention, refusing to post bond. And finally, Governor Wallace ordered all his state troopers to move in. These events were reported a source of disturbance to officials of the Justice Department most directly and sincerely engaged with civil rights. Attorney-General Kennedy questioned the timing of the Birmingham displays and worried about the risk the children were running. Father Albert Sidney Foley, chairman of the Alabama Advisory Committee of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, thought they were likely to send "down the drain three years of hard work on the part of many people." There is something in the best of us who are white and Northern which is disturbed by any sign that the Negro does not sit passively, trusting the efforts of his betters to lift him to that position which, as a nation, we describe as our ideal. It is, of course, a fact that such demonstrations are risky. Risk, as the President has often observed, is a price of living. But these children were running a risk far smaller than the one run eight years ago by those few lonely Birmingham Negroes who first began the confrontation of Police Commissioner "Bull" Connor when he was not the lame duck he is now but the face and voice of the harshest and least bridled police force in any great Southern city. No one in Washington was as qualified as those Negroes were to define the risk of (Continued on page 3)

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T.R.B.

from Washington

Criticisms of Kennedy

★ Washington under Kennedy, somehow, isn't the way we thought it would be. A good many people are trying to decide why. It is worth while to pause and consider the matter.

The odd thing is that Mr. Kennedy seems disturbed and disappointed, too. He told the editors here, recently, about the limitations of his office. Last week he told the Machinists that he was "astonished" as President to see how "difficult" it is to pass reasonable, progressive legislation. It seems to preoccupy him. Mr. Kennedy campaigned in 1960 as a crisis candidate, who would make full use of Presidential power. He would bring a sense of urgency to Washington. So far as we can see the country has little more sense of urgency now than in 1960.

Not a terrible lot has been accomplished either. The President got extensive tariff-writing authority, but this is a tool, not a finished product. He will also ultimately get a tax cut. More important, perhaps, he has accepted, once and for all, the idea of a planned deficit when needed to boost the economy; a conception which, we guess, no later President can ever reverse.

But these accomplishments are much less than we hoped; in fact, the Kennedy Administration is puzzling. Everybody begins to note it; it is finally symbolized in a Herblock cartoon showing 1960 Candidate Kennedy reminding 1963 President Kennedy of what he said about using "Presidential power." What happened? Whose fault is it? Let us marshal some commentators.

Cornell professor Andrew Hacker, writing in the *New York Times*, says there has been a diminution within the

public of a sense of indignation, of idealism, of involvement. Not much use, he says, "in exhorting a self-satisfied public to a state of mind it does not care to embrace."

Apathy. That is the word. It constantly comes up. Richard Rovere in one of his admirable *New Yorker* "Letters from Washington," refers to "the immense political presence of public apathy. It deadens the air, and muffles and muddles controversy." Even the fixation over Cuba, Mr. Rovere suggests, is less because of public indignation (the Gallup Poll indicates that the public is not overly roused) then because Cuba is about the only issue the GOP has. America is fat and bored, in short, and says Mr. Rovere, "there is evidence on every hand that the country fails to share Mr. Kennedy's alarm over the disorders he would like to remedy."

For eight years this writer thought the national apathy was due to General Eisenhower, the great human tranquilizer. But in all candor, we must readjust our thinking. Ike didn't want to get the country moving again; Kennedy seems unable to.

Creeping Conservatism?

★ Is it because we are prosperous, or is it something in Mr. Kennedy? Critics of the President wonder aloud. Columnist Doris Fleeson sees "a creeping conservatism," and argues that the Kennedy view of the Presidency is "undergoing radical change." He now frequently refers to the limitations of his office, she notes, whereas the "great" occupants of the White House have dwelt rather on its powers and expansibility.

Walter Lippmann talked about the President in his Olympian TV interview the other day: Mr. Kennedy is right, he felt, "not to get into a deadly fight" over issues he can't win. But he added, "he's sometimes too cautious. I think that a public leader, at times... has got to get into struggles where somebody gets a bloody nose."

This is at least the most specific charge, and we believe there is something in it. There are qualifying circumstances, of course. Mr. Kennedy can't win in the House without conservative Southern votes. He must operate

under America's incoherent political system, and deal with a legislature that is only efficient in a major disaster. Then again, the President, we guess, is preoccupied with world affairs: he speaks solemnly and responsibly of the nightmare of proliferating atomic weapons. Civilization is like a rat, trapped in a maze; there seems no way out.

Wrong Bedfellows

★ In fairness these difficulties and awful responsibilities must be cited. Yet, somehow, we felt Mr. Kennedy would do more. He is aware of urgent, even desperate, domestic issues yet he has not communicated his feelings. Political leaders, we believe, must create a certain commotion and tension; they must show passion, they must be involved; the public likes a scrap. Andrew Jackson did, and Wilson, and the two Roosevelts and, of course, revolutionaries always trot out some bogey or other, often spurious.

We thought Mr. Kennedy was taking matters into his own hands a year ago in the lusty row with Roger Blough over steel prices; he was right, he was irresistible and, we thought, splendid.

But the Administration recoiled. Why, it said, it *loved* Big Business! It was almost abject in its professions. Today business begins to think the President maybe isn't too bad after all. This, to us, is a bad sign. Big Business in the modern world is the natural antagonist of Big Government; the other pole of the power structure. Safety depends on the two keeping a wary eye on each other; the time to watch out is when they climb into bed together. Big Business, experience shows, is desperately short-sighted on nearly every subject: when an Administration breeds with Big Business you get a Clay Report.

Note: In 1952 Richard Nixon brought a lump to our throat with his TV account of Pat's cloth coat, the \$80-a-month apartment, and the "house in Washington which cost \$41,000, and on which we owe \$20,000." Last week our Dick bought a \$135,000, 12-room, "luxurious" cooperative apartment (five baths) on 5th Avenue in New York, with \$10,000-a-year maintenance. Our hero has Made Good.

THE WEEK

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The End of Fear

defying "Bull" Connor then; and none of us knows as well as they do how manageable the risk is now. Connor could bring out the dogs last week; he could flood the streets and say he had "waited a week to see Shuttlesworth [head of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights] get hit with a hose," but the "Bull" Connors are has-beens. A great change has come to the metropolitan South. Nothing proves that better than the size of the May demonstrations. What used to take months now takes weeks in cities like Birmingham. When Martin Luther King came to Birmingham four weeks ago and went to jail, he was in the eighth year of his guerrilla war against Southern custom; he had been to jail often before. But this time, when he was released, it was as if a whole people had been released. His meetings overflowed into the streets. Thus, the Birmingham story must be understood not so much as the climax of a struggle but as ratification of a victory which, in the metropolitan South at least, is near to being won. It began to be won four or five years ago when King's non-violent army, never more than a hundred persons, began wandering the South, entering its jails, emerging with their endurance intact.

The life of this cadre in the rural, as contrasted to the metropolitan South, is what it always was. In this issue we print a report by Jack Chatfield, student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee worker in West Georgia, who writes about Negroes just beginning their journey; the long waits, the lonely dangers and the small gains he describes were what King's troopers experienced earlier. They are the past which assured the future we can now see on the horizon in Birmingham. For in every sizable city where King's cadre goes today, an army springs up into the breach behind them.

The point of these events is that fear has ended in Birmingham and in most of the urban South. Laughing school children come into the streets because the extraordinary Negro has taught them, by the example of risk and survival, that there is very little to fear any longer; the demonstrations are more celebration than struggle.

It is hard for outsiders to understand them that way. The change has been so swift that it seems to have surprised even persons on the ground. "Bull" Connor stands engulfed by children and taken unaware. Martin Luther King seems surprised too. On the last Saturday in April, King sat in a church basement in Birmingham and heard Andrew Young, one of his assistants, ask for 27 volunteers to demonstrate and be arrested. Half the room arose and walked forward. Young counted 60. "Lately," King said, "we always seem to get twice as many as we ask for." A reporter present watched as Young

picked his team and looked at six tiny boys he had left over. "Do you want to go to jail?" he asked the smallest. The boy looked at the floor and smiled tentatively back. "You're too young to go to jail," said Andy Young. "But you can go to the library. You won't get arrested there, but you might learn something."

Six months ago, any Negro child who went to the Birmingham public library would have been turned away if he entered and arrested if he insisted on staying. But these boys went and sat at a round table in the children's department, wide-eyed with shyness at first but very soon at home with their books.

Two weeks ago, Martin King stood up in crowded Saint Luke's African Methodist Church in Birmingham and wondered if there were any young people present who had been arrested and if they would come forward. The procession ran all the way down the church aisle; the elders turned around and saw the file of these children. Then each child of parents so long timid and respectable told how proud he or she was to have been in jail, how easy it had been.

In *Galileo*, Andrea cries out, "Pity the people that have no heroes." "No," Galileo answers, "pity the country that needs heroes." The Southern Negro needs heroes still; but Birmingham points toward a happier time when his need for heroes will be less desperate.

When Martin King was taken to the Birmingham

jail, hardly a month ago, a group of the city's white ministers issued a statement calling his campaign "unwise and untimely." King sat in his cell and composed an answer. He reminded them that St. Thomas had adjured resistance to unjust laws. "The Negro," he went on, "has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometimes; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides."

When the risks and disturbance King represents have dwindled, all of us will have to remember this man as one great force in the preservation of that peace without which no real progress in the South would have been possible. He and his assistant, Ralph Abernathy, have reached the authority where they can tell the Southern Negro to act well or badly; and they have retained the wisdom to know that they owe that authority to the fact that they have never told him to act any way but well. "Remember," Abernathy is quoted as telling his children going forth to jail, "we are Negroes and we want to be called Negroes. And they are white people; don't call them crackers."

These leaders are the Negro's bridge to the great world. When King goes to prison, a Southern Negro knows that the President of the United States telephones to see how he is being treated. But the Southern Negro also knows that for all these great friends, King lives where he does and that King's children too ask him why they can't go to the amusement park that is advertised on television.

Is there any proper time but now for the Southern Negro to be told that he need no longer be afraid? Dick Gregory, the comedian, went to Greenwood, Mississippi, to bait its police during the demonstrations there last March. Most of his white friends, their goodwill intact, thought it an untimely and inappropriate gesture; it seemed to them silly for a man who makes \$1,500 a week in night-clubs to stand on a street with country Negroes and defy their chief of police. They had not reflected what it must have meant for a Greenwood Negro to watch another Negro look thus into the face of power and get away with it.

After King and Gregory, Greenwood, Mississippi can never be what it was. When King's itinerant army left that town, there remained behind two workers to enlist Negro voters. A few weeks ago, a 17-year-old Negro high school girl went to Greenwood's city hall and invited the mayor and the chief of police to come to her voter registration classes and speak on city government and law and order. They accepted. Does anyone believe that federal marshals or Father Foley's hard-working persons of goodwill could, by their efforts alone, create a climate where the Mayor of a Mississippi city would receive a student of a segregated



"I Got No Use for a Man That Don't Like Dogs"

school and accept her invitation to instruct Negroes in how to take part in his government? The Negroes of Greenwood created that condition themselves when they enforced the fact of their personality on white Greenwood in their demonstrations.

In three years, 201 Southern cities have integrated their lunch counters; that has already happened in Mobile and Huntsville, Ala.; it will happen soon in Birmingham. We are told that Birmingham's new city administration would have done this in any case without these displays; if that were true, it would be an act without precedent; there are almost no cases where cities have desegregated their lunch counters without the pressure of direct Negro action.

There has been no dialogue in the South because throughout this century most Negroes have known the danger of telling white men what they think and, for the last decade, the best white men have been afraid to say what they think. Now the ordinary Negro is at last expressing himself publicly, with his voice, his feet and his placards. Dialogue is now possible. For two years Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall has traveled the South, patiently and self-effacingly seeking ways to get the two sides to talk to each other. In Birmingham, he appears to have won his point, because Birmingham's Negroes, out of their own resources, have conquered a position of strength; for the first time, the white establishment can feel them as people belonging to the community. The road of Martin Luther King's followers would have been longer and harder without Marshall's herioc service to reason and without that face of federal authority and concern which he represents. The road would have been longer and harder too if the insistence of Birmingham's Negroes had not been there to balance the reluctance of Birmingham's whites.

Modern Journalism

The committee which bestowed the award and the newspaper which employs the award-winner share the honor of the Pulitzer Prize given last week to Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* for his coverage of the US Supreme Court. The Pulitzer committee deserves commendation for thus encouraging the best in modern American journalism. Usually, these prizes have gone to the "scoop artist," the breaker and developer of the sensational story, and not to the scholarly reporter who, week after week, explains in detail some part of the intricate machinery of government.

But the *Times* too should be praised. It took to heart Justice Frankfurter's repeated observation that of the three major branches of government, the court suffered most from the handicap of uninformed and de-

sultory reporting by the press. The *Times* in 1956 encouraged Mr. Lewis to use his Neiman Fellowship for a year's study at Harvard Law School. The School permitted Mr. Lewis to attend whatever courses he wished during the year; it did not require him to take examinations, though he did and excelled in them, somewhat to the School's astonishment. His article in the April, 1958 *Harvard Law Review* on reapportionment was an event not only because it was written by a non-lawyer and printed by the *Review*, but because that study was an influential document in the literature on which the Supreme Court later drew in reaching its equitable apportionment decision in *Baker v Carr*.

In the following six years, Mr. Lewis wrote the story of the court in depth with such mastery that to the legal profession as well as to the lay public he was the authoritative popular interpreter. He is the first to do it, and he is still the only one. Fifteen Tony Lewises on papers across the country would radically change, and for the better, people's understanding of what courts do and don't do, should and shouldn't do.

Find the Typical Reader

Recently some 4,000 of our subscribers (a carefully chosen sample, as they say, of our current 83,602 readers) received a readership questionnaire from *The New Republic*. Our studies of the replies, gratifyingly numerous, lead us to conclude that the "typical *New Republic* reader" is discriminating, articulate, frank. He reads the magazine pretty much from cover to cover. He may dislike Stanley Kauffmann's film criticism, and like Paul Goodman's coverage of television, or vice versa, but the chances are that he reads both and has strong opinions about each.

It gave us some satisfaction to learn that the readers' greatest fear seemed to be that we might use the results of the survey to make a major editorial change in *The New Republic*. The fear is groundless.

For the statistically minded, that "typical" reader is 35 years old, has completed at least one year of graduate school, is married to a college graduate and has one child. His family income is over \$10,000. He owns one car, a hi-fi set, buys about six hard-cover books a year and two or three paperbacks a month, and lists reading and the theater as his favorite forms of entertainment.

Occupationally he is a professional, or in school preparing to be one. Physicians, lawyers, architects, government officials, scientists, clergymen and journalists represent about 35 percent of the readership, teachers 18 percent, businessmen 14 percent and the rest divided among other occupations and the student segment, which represents 12 percent. (About 25 per-

cent of the subscribers' wives work.)

His other favorite magazines are, in order of popularity, *The Reporter*, *The Saturday Review*, *Time*, *Harper's*, *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Of those who specify which newspapers they read, 76.9 percent read the *Sunday New York Times*, somewhat surprising since one-fourth of *The New Republic's* subscribers are west of the Mississippi, another 22 percent are in the Midwestern states. Twenty-four percent reside in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts. The rest are scattered, with a scant, brave .2 percent in Mississippi. Weekdays, more than one-fourth read the *Wall Street Journal*.

Politically speaking, the Democrats enjoy a comfortable majority of 61 percent, the "independents" number 27 percent and the Republicans 8 percent. Among subscribers who have begun to read the magazine only in the last year, however, the Democratic contingent is smaller (55 percent) and the Republican and independent considerably larger.

Why Not Call McNamara?

The McClellan Subcommittee investigation into the fighter plane (TFX) contract awarded to the General Dynamics and Grumman Corporations has entered its 12th week. Although the Committee's regular investigators (supplemented by several GAO auditors and other Congressional staff members on loan) have been researching documents and interviewing scores of Defense and contractor personnel since early last December, the Subcommittee has not yet seen fit to hear the testimony of those Defense officials (namely, Secretary of the Air Force Zuckert, Secretary of the Navy Korth, and Secretary of Defense McNamara) who are responsible for giving the contract to General Dynamics instead of Boeing. Although the ostensible purpose of the investigation is to ascertain whether political considerations dictated the \$6.5 billion decision, there has been nothing to support this insinuation.

Of the several techniques employed by the Subcommittee staff, none has been more disruptive to the normal business of running the Defense Department than the refusal of Jerome Alderman, the Subcommittee's Counsel, to establish any schedule for the appearance of senior Defense witnesses. For example, the flag and general officers who served on the TFX Source Selection Board at Wright Field, Ohio, were kept standing by for over three weeks and their appearances rescheduled four times. On the first three of these occasions the members of the Board traveled to Washington and waited two days each time to testify, only to be informed that they would have to return at some subsequent date. General LeMay, the

Air Force Chief of Staff, had to delay and reschedule a visit to the Far East since Alderman refused to set a firm date for his appearance.

Secretary McNamara on March 13 did submit an affidavit to the Committee, after first having to request permission to do so. He voluntarily appeared for questioning a week later, at which time Subcommittee Counsel Alderman and his staff had no questions to ask, notwithstanding their four months of inquiry and their review of Secretary McNamara's affidavit.

Another technique which the Subcommittee staff has employed is to accept certain key documents as exhibits for the Subcommittee's reference but not for the record, thereby denying the public access to documents essential to the final decision and which could be declassified, even if in summary form. For example, the 4th Evaluation Report of the TFX Evaluation Group and the official briefing based on this Report have yet to be entered into the official public record.

Finally, although having publicly criticized Defense officials for releasing information on the TFX contract to the press, Senator McClellan apparently has not seen fit to curtail the Subcommittee staff's extensive "background" commentary to journalists; these comments are seldom restricted to the testimony reviewed to date but rather are normally addressed to the decision itself, a decision we are yet to hear described by the responsible public officials who made it.

Week before last, a new bias of the Subcommittee was divulged when the suggestion was made that Boeing be authorized to compete with General Dynamics/Grumman in the building of Air Force and Naval prototypes of the F-111. Such a competition would not be free. It would cost the taxpayer at least several hundred million dollars more than is presently envisaged for the TFX program. More importantly, it could delay delivering the aircraft to the operational forces by an additional three to four years. There even is the mute question as to whether Boeing's willingness to undertake such a competition would be the same if it had won the F-111 award.

If the Subcommittee wishes to dissipate the potential savings of \$1 billion by rejecting the concept of a bi-Service TFX development and procurement program (instead of separate Naval and Air Force programs); if the Subcommittee wishes to contribute to a substantial delay in delivering a new fighter aircraft to US combatant forces; and if the Subcommittee wishes to require the Defense Department to make a decision two or three years hence which the top civilian and military officials believe can be made today (and which in fact was made last November), then let the Subcommittee formally endorse this latest "prototype" suggestion to its parent body, the Committee on Government Operations. This whole business ought to

be promptly concluded. Senator McClellan should now take the reins personally. His Subcommittee staff has run undirected and unsupervised too long.

Paying the Farmers

Congressman Rosenthal (D, N.Y.) rose recently to address the House on one of the most important pieces of farm legislation to be considered this year, the Feed Grain Act of 1963. "I am the only member of the House Agriculture Committee," he said, "representing a constituency in which practically all the farming is done by the lot, plot, or flowerpot rather than by the acre." Yet in the showdown it was Congressman Rosenthal and his city colleagues who put up the votes by which this bill, an indispensable element in the Administration's farm program, was passed by the House despite all but unanimous Republican opposition and a massive Democratic defection, mostly from rural and semi-rural areas. When the same legislation comes up in the Senate, probably in the crucial week before the disputed wheat referendum is to be held among the farmers themselves, May 21, it is likely to be approved again for similar reasons.

City people want farm legislation that promises to reduce the cost of federal programs. At the same time they want it done in a way that will soften farmer opposition to bills for which there is more enthusiastic support in the cities than in the countryside, such as aid to education and mass transportation. Congressman Rosenthal was quite blunt about this. "There is a close relationship between understanding gained and understanding given," he said. "Surely there must be a parallel between a watershed project and urban renewal, between farm-to-market road development and mass transportation improvements, and between a Department of Agriculture and a Department of Urban Affairs, but if such parallels exist they haven't been noticeably recognized in rural America."

Up to the present, the farmers have, in effect, been paid for reducing acreage rather than production. And under that dispensation they have managed to produce more on fewer acres. They have had the best of both worlds: receiving payment for uncultivated acreage, and increasing their yields on acres they cultivate. The Feed Grain Act of 1963 is gimmicked in such a way that it dovetails with the wheat referendum that is to be held later this month. It provides that farmers may, at their option choose to grow wheat on feed grain acreage or *vice versa* – whichever they think will work out best for them in terms of profit. This means that if they vote for the mandatory wheat program in the referendum of May 21 they will have the right to plant corn or other feed grain on the diverted wheat acreage.

They will have been reimbursed already by higher support prices (about \$2 in place of the \$1.82 per bushel guarantee that is now in force) on the wheat they are permitted to grow. Feed grains will be supported too.

There appears to be little doubt that the feed grain legislation will be approved by the Senate, where urban influence is even stronger than in the House. The opposition is merely playing for time, in the hope that if enactment of the feed grain bill can be delayed long enough, farmers voting in the wheat referendum on the 21st may be made sufficiently uncertain of the benefits they are to receive from a program which offers higher prices along with real enforcement of acreage cut-backs to vote no. Should they disapprove – and these are all farmer voters, not Congressmen who represent a preponderance of city voters – the Administration is pledged to offer no further legislation for the protection of wheat. There would then be a possibility that the free market price could fall to a dollar a bushel, a possibility but not a probability. Such indifference to wheat prices by any Administration in an election year – wheat planted in 1963 is harvested and sold in 1964 – would be almost unprecedented. Nevertheless, the implied threat is there. "I think those who suggest that if this [the feed grain bill and the wheat referendum] is defeated there will be some new bill mislead the farmers," the President said last week, "and I don't think there will be any new legislation this year. . . ."

Running Out on Smith

The new Controller of Currency, James J. Saxon, is being widely attacked in banking circles for his policies on chartering new national banks and new branches of existing national banks. In 18 months, Saxon has chartered a record number of new banks, and permitted national banks to set up many more branches. He has also indicated that he favors legislation permitting national banks to set up branches in any state. Bankers don't like it. State banking supervisors and the 6,000 members of the Independent Bankers Association, many from small unit banks frequently located in one bank towns, have tried to force Saxon's resignation. They complain that competition will become unhealthy, and that the "delicate balance" between state and federal regulations will be upset. Their real concern, however, is that if Saxon's intentions prevail, their monopoly profits might decline.

The argument for limiting bank charters was strong as long as individual bank failures impaired the safety of the financial system and endangered the depositors' money. Today, however, the Federal Reserve guarantees the financial system against any collapse, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation fully protects

all depositors against losses up to \$10,000, which covers nearly 98 percent of deposits.

Thus, the case for limiting bank charters is no longer valid. Whether the small friendly hometown banks offer a more useful range of services than the branches of larger banks ought to be judged by the customers rather than by the banking commissioners. Antitrust statutes and laws against fraud meet the public's need for protection; opening a bank should be no more difficult, therefore, than opening a gas station.

Nearly 200 years ago, a former professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow noted that, "The exclusive privilege of an incorporated trade necessarily restrains the competition, in the town where it is established. . . . The government of towns corporations was altogether in the hands of traders and artificers; and it was the manifest interest of every particular class of them, to prevent the market from being overstocked, as they commonly express it, with their own particular species of industry; which is in reality to keep it always understocked."

Adam Smith, who believed in competition, would have given short shrift to Mr. Saxon's critics.

The Spirit Bloweth

A story has circulated widely about that spontaneously simple and good man, Pope John XXIII. When the Second Vatican Council was announced a Cardinal asked the Pope what he hoped to accomplish. The Pope went to a window, opened it, and said: "Let some fresh air into the Church." The story may or may not be true to fact. But it expresses perfectly the new spirit working in the Church of Rome.

Windows and doors are being opened. Old issues are being aired. Communications and conversations are being initiated and encouraged very widely. What looked to many of us outside as an ecclesiastical fortress, bent upon guarding its ancient treasures, begins to show itself as a great household of faith and charity, eager to establish brotherly relationships, to understand and to be understood. All this could hardly have happened so quickly if there had not been within the whole Catholic community many bishops, priests and theologians eager to come out and make contact. The Pope has released what was waiting to be released.

One of the freshest and freest voices released is that of the young German Jesuit, Father Hans Kung. He spoke at Georgetown University a short time ago to an audience of several thousand, including many priests and Brothers and Sisters. A sampling of Protestant leaders were graciously honored by seats on the platform. The refreshing openness of the address and the enthusiasm of the audience response tempts this

preacher to pick up the phrase in the Pentecost story about "the rushing mighty wind."

The whole manner and spirit of Father Kung's remarks was honest and direct. Right at the start he acknowledged that many view the Catholic Church, indeed any Church, as the enemy of freedom; absolutist, centralist, totalitarian in its essential character. Without defensiveness he made public confession of the dark things in Catholic history—inquisitions, heretic-burnings, book-burnings. He did not take refuge in reminding us that Protestant Churches have often been as bad. But all this was false to the true nature of the Church. All this was what he called the "unfreedom" of the world, invading and corrupting the Church. For the Church in her essence is the community of those who believe and love through Christ. She needs form and shape and order, for there can be no freedom in community without these. But in all her ways the Church is called to be the home of free decisions of faith, free speaking and freedom of action in loyalty and love.

Toward the end of his address Father Kung turned to concrete areas in which the Church is called to manifest freedom. These were some of his main points: The Catholic Church has some urgent unfinished business in Spain in the area of freedom of conscience. There was a welcome freedom of speaking at the first session of the Vatican Council; but isn't it high time to drop the Index of Prohibited Books, the advance censorship of religious writings and secret ecclesiastical trials? Catholic scholarship cannot catch up in some important directions until it is set free. The non-Roman Churches seeking to find a way out of the disorder of their divisions must be met by a Catholic Church whose order makes a large place for freedom in thought and speech and worship and action. The Church needs unity, not uniformity; a center but not centralism. If the Church is to meet the needs of many peoples and places and times there must be room for different rites and languages, different forms of Church order, different styles of thought, different theologians.

Father Kung did not solve for his hearers the problem as to how those uneasy mates, freedom and order, are to live happily together ever after. But the rest of us have not solved that one, not even in our families.

Nonetheless, how good it was to feel the free Spirit moving.

ANGUS DUN

THE RIGHT REVEREND ANGUS DUN, *retired Episcopal Bishop of Washington, has served on the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in which most Protestant and Orthodox confessions are united; he was among the Protestant clergy invited to share the platform when Father Hans Kung, S.J., delivered his address on "The Church and Freedom" on April 28.*

FOREIGN REPORTS

INDONESIA

Whither Sukarno?

★ The first indication that Communist or Communist-supported guerrillas opposed to the formation of Malaysia were actively operating in the British Borneo crown colony of Sarawak coincided with the visit to Indonesia – the first to any non-Communist country – of a Chinese Communist head of state. On Good Friday, while President of the People's Republic Liu Shao-chi and Foreign Minister Chen Yi were in Indonesia, a police post three miles from the border between Indonesian Borneo and Sarawak was raided with the apparent aim of seizing small arms.

President Sukarno has conjured up around the Malaysian plan the specter of neo-colonialism, and has repeatedly pledged Indonesian support for the "North Kalimantan Independence Movement." On his recent visit to West Irian, over which Indonesia has assumed control, Sukarno linked the British Borneo territories with Portuguese Angola as symbolic of an anti-colonial struggle which Indonesia would always support.

Sukarno apparently wants to make "independent status" for the British Borneo territories a martial rallying cry, a counterpart to last year's West Irian dispute in order to divert attention from the economic bungling of his regime. Indonesia faces industrial paralysis, international bankruptcy, and perhaps a repeat of the widespread starvation that hit central Java last spring. Sukarno can hope to ward off imminent collapse only through the continued generosity of the US and the Soviet Union. Indonesian officials asked for and got a \$17 million "emergency" loan from the US this spring for spare parts and machine repair that the government's foreign exchange was not sufficient to cover. But Sukarno's primary aim is to maintain the confidence of the two groups on which the regime depends for stability: the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), third largest in the world, and the armed forces, who have an anti-Communist reputation but are subservient to Sukarno. Last year the West Irian issue served to unite the two, and this year the Indonesian President apparently counts on the "North Kalimantan Independence Movement" to do the same.

The enthusiastic support of the Communist Chinese for this Movement may mark a stepped-up Chinese campaign to extend its influence throughout the islands of Southeast Asia's southern flank. Communist documents seized in Sarawak – whose population of about three-quarters of a million is one-third Chinese – were said by the Malayan Government to contain plans to initiate terrorist tactics after the example of the finally-

suppressed Malay Communist rebellion of 1948-60.

Whether Sukarno has willingly allied himself with the Communists, or has been compelled to act as their agent by his economic folly and the PKI's power – or even if he believes his own rhetoric about spearheading the "new emerging forces" in Southeast Asia – he appears now to be a tool of Communist purposes in the area. He may also have become a focus of Soviet and Chinese cross-purposes there. If so, it is clear that he is responding to Chinese blandishments at the moment. During Liu's state visit, Sukarno's attitude was almost obsequious, and their joint statement emphasized Indonesian-Chinese solidarity on every Asian issue – South Vietnam, Korea, the Indian-Chinese border dispute. There is speculation that Liu offered a barter deal should Indonesia decide to carry out oil expropriation threats. Right now the Soviet Union's principal leverage is its enormous mortgage – \$1.5 billion – over Indonesia as a result of the 1961-62 arms buildup for the West Irian clash. Indonesia has reportedly been refused one postponement of repayment already, and the fact of the debt may have been used to attempt to get members of the PKI into Indonesia's government, a move Sukarno has long balked at, perhaps at the behest of the Army.

HAITI

Who Will Shoot Duvalier?

★ As despicable as Dr. Duvalier surely is, there is little zest in Washington for taking part in the storming of his citadel at Port-au-Prince. The evacuation of US dependents from the Haitian capital has lessened chances of a Marine landing and hence direct US intervention. Moreover, Ambassador Martin apparently did help to persuade President Bosch to hold back his Dominican Republic troops while the Council of the Organization of American States was meeting. The emphasis, therefore, has shifted to the Council, where Dr. Duvalier can quite literally count not one friend, a fact which may produce a united American front against him.

Time is running out for the Doctor. Almost everyone wants him done in. His opponents include Cuban exiles, Fidel Castro, the Dominicans, the former head of his secret police, members of his armed forces, the Trujillo family (some of whom now are encamped at Port-au-Prince), not to mention the CIA. Duvalier's term in office expires May 15, and if he chooses to stay on, citing the outcome of his bogus election, he can do so with the sure knowledge that his head is likely to be shot at each time it is stuck out the Palace door.

The OAS gives the US a handy umbrella, for it would make very little sense for Washington on its own to aid or encourage an invasion of Haiti when it

has so firmly warned Castro against intervening in the affairs of his neighbors. Moreover, the US has a record in Haiti that no one wishes at this time to recall; the Marines occupied it between 1915 and 1934. During those years, there was no Duvalier, but the lot of the people grew no better, and Haitian memories of US occupation are not, even today, free of bitterness.

UGANDA

Mixed-Marriage

★ When Great Britain gave Uganda its independence last October, she did so with the knowledge that almost 70 years of colonial rule had failed to create one people of the disparate tribes and ethnic groups that arbitrary borders had enclosed. Milton Obote, an astute, energetic Lango, became Prime Minister and quickly indicated that he and his cabinet would strive to build a united Uganda. But his very success has, not unexpectedly, caused a national crisis sufficiently severe to imperil the country's orderly economic and political development.

Uganda contains a number of related Nilotic tribes, like the Lango, and five traditional Bantu kingdoms – Ankole, Busoga, Buganda, Bunyoro and Toro – which in varying degrees possess semi-autonomous constitutional rights that are severely threatened by Obote's attempt to build one nation. They have always resisted the concept of a united Uganda and, similarly, any possible loss in their reserved "state's rights." In Buganda

particularly – it accounts for about a quarter of Uganda's land and population and about 70 percent of the professional class – the Kabaka, or king, has a strong hold on the Baganda, his subjects; he and his hierarchy of chiefs govern as if Buganda were independent.

The leaders of the present national government, most of whom are non-Baganda, have been equally determined. In other African countries this perpetual source of division would perhaps have been eliminated forcibly, by unpleasant methods. But Obote's Uganda People's Congress (UPC) only came to power last year with the parliamentary support of the Kabaka Yekka (Buganda Alone) Party (KY), a Baganda parliamentary group supported by the Kabaka. Obote has heretofore tried hard to retain the trust of the KY while planning a wary attack upon the privileges of the kingdoms.

Now the fate of this trial mixed-marriage is in the balance. The Kabaka is attempting to withdraw his followers from the ruling coalition. When and if they all withdraw, Obote has threatened to rule, if possible, without them. He can probably persuade sufficient KY dissidents to join the UPC, thereby avoiding an alliance between the KY and the opposition Democratic Party (DP) that would turn Obote's government out. A UPC-DP coalition is also possible; both parties favor unification. But, in either event, battle lines will have been drawn between Buganda and Uganda. A final estrangement between the Kabaka and Obote, between parochialism and nationalism, could even lead to civil unrest – for which Buganda would have constitutional justification and Obote's Uganda the logic of modernity.

Philippine War Claims

by William T. Shannon

The story of the Philippine war claims began as a tale of vice exposed and virtue triumphant. It ended as a demonstration of how difficult it is to act justly to all participants in a complicated controversy. The story has no heroes and no villains and the plot, if there is one, ends in an anti-climax. Here were joined politics and foreign affairs, enlightened public policy and persistent private interest, personal friendships and pitiless publicity.

In 1946, Congress passed the Philippine Rehabilitation Act which included an appropriation of \$400 million to pay claims for war damage. A three-man commission made up of two Americans and a Filipino ad-

judicated the claims. The law provided that approved claims up to \$500 were to be paid in full and claims above that figure were to be paid up to a maximum of 75 percent. Since the \$400 million was not enough to pay the maximum, the commission in practice paid 52.5 percent of the larger claims.

Why were the claims not paid in full? Congress quite wisely did not want to acknowledge that our government had any legal obligation to pay war damage claims to anyone except US citizens. Any other decision would have opened us to claims from citizens of every country in the world where American forces had engaged in military action. Since the Philippines

were an American dependency, however, and we wished to assist her to get off to a successful start as an independent nation, Congress made a gift of this \$400 million. The payment of claims was regarded as a vehicle for assisting the nation's economic rehabilitation; it was a matter of grace and favor.

In 1950, a US economic mission advised against replenishing the appropriation on the grounds that damage payments were not the most efficient method of assisting the Philippines' economic development. In accordance with the recommendation, the US-Philippines War Damage Commission passed out of existence in March, 1951, when the last of the \$400 million was awarded.

At this juncture appears the cast of characters who, when first publicized several weeks ago, appeared rather sinister but who looked increasingly conventional as the story unfolded. John A. O'Donnell was one of the two American members of the now defunct War Damage Commission. He, Francisco Delgado, the Filipino member, and Ernest Schein, the commission's chief examiner, decided to enter private law practice and make use of their Filipino contacts and their knowledge of the Filipino claims. This is a common practice in Washington. As Senator Gore of Tennessee pointed out in the recent Senate debate, many generals and admirals retire from the service and go to work for defense contractors; many former Congressmen lobby on issues on which they gained their expertise by service on House or Senate committees.

For O'Donnell, this paid off more handsomely than it has for many others but not as well as it has for some. Before opportunity knocked in the form of the Presidential appointment to the Commission, he had labored in the bureaucracy as just another attorney for the National Recovery Administration, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Labor Department. Now, after a dozen years in private practice, O'Donnell, known as "Windy" to his lobbying colleagues, is portly and prosperous.

He did not find it easy at first. Francisco Delgado wrote O'Donnell regretfully on January 13, 1952, that "enthusiasm on the part of the interested parties and the [Philippine] government has cooled off. Nothing has been done and nobody seems to be interested enough to take the initiative in having some action by the government on the matter of additional war damage compensation."

Shortly afterward, O'Donnell attempted to obtain a list of the 120,000 claimants under the 1946 act, but the custodian of the files was stuffy and refused to

make it available. O'Donnell wrote Delgado: "It is regrettable that we did not make up this list before we left the Commission, but this is little solace now."

What foresight had not provided, diligence made up. There were two groups of possible claimants whose war losses ran into really substantial sums. These were the sugar companies whose refineries had been bombed and the Catholic Church whose many hospitals, schools, and orphanages in the islands had been damaged. The 1946 law provided compensation for church buildings but not for those related institutions.

A Policy of Friendship and Assistance

In 1948 Congress had passed a comprehensive War Claims Act but this applied only to US citizens and their businesses. In 1952, however, several months after O'Donnell and his colleagues began to interest themselves in these matters as private attorneys, the late Senator Herbert O'Connor of Maryland and Representative (now Speaker) John McCormack of Massachusetts successfully sponsored an amendment to the War Claims Act which made \$20 million available to religious organizations in the Philippines that were "affiliated" with organizations in the United States. In 1956, Rep. McCormack put through a second amendment that broadened the category of eligibles to include not only affiliates but also organizations "of the same denomination" as one in the US. An additional \$8.7 million was paid under this amendment.

O'Donnell and his colleagues were instrumental in pushing for these amendments. But McCormack would have offered them in any event because he is a vigilant defender of what he regards as his Church's rightful interests. Moreover, these amendments had general non-sectarian support in Congress because in terms of our policy of friendship and assistance to the Philippines, the rebuilding of these schools and hospitals made sense.

Almost all of the money under these two amendments went to Catholic institutions and about a quarter of it — \$6,363,711 — went to 23 clients represented by O'Donnell and his associates. Charging the 10 percent fee the law allowed, they collected \$636,000.

Meanwhile, O'Donnell helped resuscitate and keep alive the demand that the US pay the balance of 22.5 percent on the old claims, representing the difference between the 75 percent maximum the 1946 law had allowed and the 52.5 percent the Commission had actually paid. In 1959, after President Garcia of the Philippines took up this matter on his visit to Washington, the State Department announced it would seek legislation to pay this balance of \$73 million. President Eisenhower submitted the request to Congress and President Kennedy renewed it. Both Administrations

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were indifferent to the question of whether the US should pay the money to the Philippine government or disburse it directly to the individual claimants. Naturally, the private lawyers preferred the latter since they would then be surer of getting their fees. This was the course that Congress adopted. One reason for this decision, ironic in view of subsequent events, was the conviction that while the present government in Manila is considerably more honest than its predecessor, the payment of claims would be less subject to corruption if handled directly by Washington.

Although O'Donnell had helped keep the subject alive on Capitol Hill, the really decisive influence behind the passage of last year's bill was the pressure from successive governments in the Philippines and the desire of the State Department to placate Filipino sentiment. When the bill was sent back to committee on its first test vote in the House last year, President Macapagal cancelled his scheduled visit to the US. Leading American newspapers promptly carried editorials urging Congress to stop haggling and pay this debt of honor to our wartime ally. O'Donnell was no more than the incidental beneficiary of this diplomatic and press support.

Why Penalize the Lobbyists?

All would have gone well if O'Donnell had not fallen for the temptation of giving money to politicians during campaign time. In 1960, he contributed a total of \$7,100 to eleven Democrats and three Republicans in the House and six Democrats in the Senate. He gave \$2,000 to Representative Clement Zablocki, Wisconsin Democrat, and \$500 to Senator Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat, the sponsors of the 1962 bill. Humphrey says he has never met O'Donnell and did not know of his contribution; Zablocki told the House on April 30 that he returned the check with the understanding it would be used to buy 20 tickets to a \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner. The other politicians received small contributions ranging from \$100 to \$500. Senator Fulbright is probably right when he suggests that these contributions were motivated more by a desire to impress the Filipino clients than to sway the votes of the Congressmen. Honest politicians cannot be bought for campaign contributions and corrupt politicians do not sell themselves so cheap.

Fulbright moved to prevent O'Donnell from profiting from the 1962 law. At his behest, the Senate amended the Supplemental Appropriations Bill to provide that the money be paid in a lump sum to the Philippine government, not to private claimants, and that none of the money be used to pay fees to former members and employees of the War Damage Commission. In arguing for his amendment, Fulbright

stressed that Congress had been "deceived" last year because O'Donnell had not declared his personal interest in claims legislation under the Foreign Agents Registration Act (although he was registered as a lobbyist for Philippine sugar companies) and had testified before successive committees of Congress as a former War Damage Commissioner, not as an attorney representing clients. Speaking of claims, this seems rather a large claim to make on behalf of Congressional credulity. O'Donnell's interest in the bill was well-known in Congress.

Senator McCarthy of Minnesota and several colleagues opposed the provision in Fulbright's amendment giving the money to the Philippine government rather than to individual claimants. As is often the case, their most plausible argument was not the one that actually motivated them. The easy, plausible argument was that the US might actually save a lot of money by paying the claimants directly (according to a *Wall Street Journal* story as much as \$20 or \$25 million), because many of the claimants are dead, cannot be located, or will not press their claims. But the real objections revolved around a different set of questions. If a law is just, should Congress repeal its main provisions because a lobbyist has profited from its passage? If O'Donnell's campaign contributions had no effect on the passage of the law, why should subsequent publicity about them affect Congress' judgment? If campaign contributions from a sugar and war claims lobbyist are enough to invalidate this law, what about the campaign contributions from the myriad private interests concerned with all other kinds of legislation?

No one imputed hypocrisy to Fulbright since his indignation was obviously sincere, but neither his surprise nor his indignation was widely shared on Capitol Hill. His amendment, ethically though not legally, had too much the character of an *ex post facto* attempt to make an example of a few individuals who are no more blameworthy than many other lawyers and lobbyists.

There were also Filipino sensibilities to be considered. By Filipino standards, the money to be paid is a debt of honor incurred by war suffering and long promised to be paid as such. Manila press and public opinion unanimously expressed the view that to turn it into "foreign aid" would be to rob it of its legitimacy and deny the justice of the claim.

Last week, the House-Senate conference committee struck out the lump sum provision and permitted the money to go directly to the claimants. A face-saving provision was added strengthening the ban on payment of fees to O'Donnell and his associates, but this language is probably unenforceable. No provision of US law can prevent foreign individuals and institutions from compensating O'Donnell if they choose.

Jack Chatfield

Letter to a Northern Friend

A white student who has gone South to work with Negroes on voter registration tells of fear and inertia and of the children who are disturbing the peace in rural Georgia.

Leesburg, Georgia

Robert Kennedy is on the late news, speaking of the 15th Amendment ("I think I understand," says a lady, "'cepting, what is 'servitude'?"). Agnew James, day laborer and chairman of the Lee County voter registration movement (over 80 Negro registrants in 11 months in this predominantly black county, classified as "100 percent rural" in the census) rarely, if ever, has occasion to mention the 15th Amendment.

"Other words," says Agnew James, "so many folks is scared. Last week a boy got knocked in the head with a shovel and you can't get anybody to tell you that they know anything about it." Still, what is called simultaneously "the movement" and "that mess" by Negroes living a hundred feet apart on some eternally dusty road in south Georgia is progressing, in the words of one man, "like a picker in his tenth hour and his hundredth pound."

We were in Bronwood, in Terrell County, last week at the home of a man who showed us his hogs and whose wife fed us. The man leaned against the rail.

"What can I do about the United States?" he said. "Nothin', by myself. You know how many people have registered in this little town. Two: my daughter and my granddaughter."

Earlier, we had sat with a Dawson man on the steps of his two-room home. He was back for supper and was eating from a pan, watching the sun go down. His wife was somewhere in the darkness of her bedroom. She washes her clothes in an iron pot in the back yard and presses them with an iron heated by fire. Her daughter misses a day of school each week so that she can help. No one reprimands her for this; when there are electric irons and automatic washers, there will be better school attendance.

The man spent most of his time chewing; this was a sign of his utter disbelief in what we were trying to tell him. We were talking about the power of the ballot in a county where one party – the blacks – outnumbers the other party – the whites. He was chewing and looking away.

"If I go, fifty on that block won't go. If one over

there goes, that'll still be fifty more that don't go. . ."

Still earlier, an ancient head spoke to us from the porch of his home: "I just come up from Florida. I said 'Yes' and 'No' down there."

It is a mark of caste here to know history well enough to lose hope and to believe that social change or the student movement, though it be seated at the doorstep, is as remote as Robert Kennedy or a street skirmish in the Congo. "Immediacy," in Southern rural dialect, is what makes you harrow well into the night to obliterate a day of rain and a faulty bottom-plow; "social change" is when you move to Tampa. This makes the creeping revolution in southwest Georgia the conjunction of the very few who have rebelled without reserve and the many who sit in spasmodic attendance upon the few.

"His bossman didn't worry him none," said one of the few at a weekly mass meeting last Saturday night. "Fact about it, he took his bossman's truck down there and registered."

Agnew James stood up, amid the residual laughter and applause.

"There are two things I ain't afraid of," he said. "And that's bossmen and jobs."

Agnew James is one of the symbols of unflinching insurrection and a measure of how close a man may come to becoming a total stranger to his history and the despairing dialectic of his kind. He rents a few acres and works nights sweeping alleys at a mill in Albany, 11 miles away. He has been fired once and now he is being boycotted and can get neither tractor oil nor heating gas. Last summer his was one of four Lee County homes shot into at night by men in a fast moving car.

"The chil'ren were in there," says Agnew James, who, by his own account, had no time to fire back.

Since the coming of the students to Lee County last June, his life – and the life of the few who are, yet, too many to enumerate – has been patterned in absolute allegiance to that ideology which must be the beginning of social revolution: the ideology that a crooked

rod can be made straight. Agnew James, who is the embodiment of the movement and the simplicity of its doctrine, believes it is foolish, even laughable, to fear greatly. He chairs the Lee County mass meetings each Saturday night with what are mostly colorful insertions and calls for remarks and reports from the floor. One night Agnew James called for the report from the Leesburg voting district and the Leesburg delegation, a woman, stood up.

"I asked one lady would she register and vote and she said 'No' and I didn't ask nobody else."

"Let's give her a hand," said Agnew James, who understands that a year ago, the elective franchise was as far from this lady's mind as \$100 a week and a lawn sprinkler.

The strength of Agnew James, and of this woman, and of the rest, is the strength of consciousness; they are not deluded. They have the courage to carry hope into the desolation of the Southern rural Negro community; a grand act of calculated mockery levelled against any who believe it will never be changed.

An Army of Children

But much of the movement's strength lies in its innocence; in short, its children.

At a Thursday night mass meeting in Americus (Sumter County), a preacher rose to tell the gathered 300 that some of his congregation were pressing him: they wanted the meeting held at their church. The minister had been speaking calmly; suddenly he grew exuberant and raised his arm.

"Several children," he said, "have asked me. Do you hear me? The children! The children are asking if we can have the meetings there."

Each county has its small army of children. It is the habit of five young girls from the Lee County high school—four of them ninth graders, one a senior—to devote two half days and one full day each week to voter registration. Last week in home economics class they extended their conspiracy to include the brazen declaration of it on their clothing. Three of them wrote "FREEDOM" on pinkish headbands; two wrote it on black sashes which they wear pinned to their blouses. And on Saturday morning, four of them walked into the county courthouse in Leesburg to inquire why the aging registrar had closed shop 45 minutes before the appointed time, which was 12 o'clock. The girls were wearing their headbands and sashes, and in what can only be termed an historic encounter, received a civil answer and left.

At the meeting that night they rose, self-consciously, and told of the events of the day. James Mays, a farmer who was fired last year from a teaching job at the Lee County Negro high school for a protracted breach of

the peace, spoke from the rear of the Antioch Baptist Church: "Five years ago, maybe two years ago, they would've taken a switch and strapped them out of the office. Negro children wouldn't have done this in an office as important as this two years ago."

One of the girls began talking about the sashes and headbands.

"Some of the children saw us and came up and said, 'What you doing wearing that mess?' (Laughter and loud hand clapping.) One of the teachers told us that the principal better not see us or we'd be in trouble." (More laughter and hand clapping.)

And then, giggling, they returned to their seats. The Albany contingent, also children, began a song. Three girls from Albany, customarily present, were absent; they were in the city jail for picketing a white merchant. One, age 16, was in for her seventh time ("I ain't never going to jail with my mother again, all she did was nag and nag."). And another, age 11, was asked not long ago why she had not picketed and risked arrest with her 15-year-old sister that afternoon.

"I'm going tomorrow," she said. "I couldn't go today on account of I had to go to music."

The truce, then, has been shattered, and there is a great deal to tell. All of it cannot possibly be told here. There is, recalling the words of James Mays, an entire history to be written about the cities where the peace was broken in 1960, and about the countryside where it was once believed that the peace would not in a thousand years be violated, and where it is now being violated by children.

One of the children reported a week ago that the afternoon had been spent in Smithville, in Lee County, and that not many of the people there were prepared to rejoice that they had been deemed worthy to suffer persecution in anyone's name.

"Most of the people were sick," she said. "The majority didn't have names."

The uncertain Pontiac of the student workers broke down not long ago behind enemy lines and the band of two blacks and one white rode to the nearest town on the back of a pick-up truck and knocked on the door of a home, so that they could telephone for assistance. They were received and within a half hour two carloads of white men were passing the house, stopping, then moving on. One of the black boys reported "guns" and there was a scurry in the house for a box of 4-10 shells. Then there was waiting and walking up and down, and a phone call to the central office in Albany. It was growing dark. The 13-year-old daughter was watching television with what appeared to be an air of unconcern. One of the students paused in his pacing to ask whether she particularly minded being shot at.

"No," she said, smiling and never turning away from the screen. "Not if it's for our country."

WALTER LIPPMANN

Interviewed by Charles Collingwood

Collingwood: What brought the Russians to Cuba, and why are they still there?

Lippmann: The thing that brought them there was the fact that Castro proclaimed himself a Communist, and we had helped the first attempt at an invasion in 1961, the Bay of Pigs, and he, as a Communist, appealed for help. They couldn't disown him. That's one part of it. The other part is, and may have been more important – it probably accounts for the missiles – [is that the] Soviet Union is behind the United States in nuclear weapons. We're the superior power, and if they could have landed and set up 40 or so medium-range missiles, they would have had a first-strike capacity against continental United States, as well as the Panama Canal and the whole Caribbean, which would have changed the balance of power in their favor. They were a little bit like a team in a football game throwing a forward pass, in the hope of getting a touchdown before the game ends, and that was stopped, of course, and now they're there because there is no way out of there. They can't withdraw without taking a terrible defeat, and also they don't want Castro to collapse.

Collingwood: Well, now, what can we do about it? Do we just have to let them sit there?

Lippmann: I tell you, we have to make up our minds whether we are in such a hurry to get those Russian troops out of there that we are willing to risk war, go to war, or whether we're not. If Castro were a mortal threat to the US, we'd have to risk a mortal war, but he isn't. He injures our pride – he's an affront to our pride. He's an awful nuisance. He's an annoyance. He's a mischiefmaker. He does do propaganda. His example is bad, but he isn't threatening to conquer or destroy the US, and you can't risk the destruction of the world – because it would come to that if it were a nuclear war – . . . just because you don't like this man and find him an awful nuisance. You only go to war, modern war, for the absolutely ultimate reasons. You can't do it for a lesser reason. Now, if we're not going to go to war, then we can only use measures which are generally de-

scribed as short of war, which is what we are doing. We have [an] embargo, we are surveying them, we are patrolling them, we are squeezing them, isolating them, cutting off their connections, reducing their trade, forcing them into dependence on us. Those are all just short of war, and of course, if Cuba were a big power, they'd be at war with us long ago, over what we've already done to Cuba. But they're not, and the Russians say, "You keep quiet, don't go beyond this," because [the Russians] don't want to go to war either. Now, I think everybody . . . who has studied the problem critically [is] in agreement with the Administration, that war is unacceptable. There is nothing that [has] happened in Cuba, yet, that is so dangerous to the US that we can afford to burn up the world over it, if necessary. Keating and Kennedy, I think everybody except maybe Senator Goldwater, are against invasion. Well, [even] Senator Goldwater is against invasion; nobody wants to invade Cuba. Nobody wants to blockade Cuba, because if you blockade Cuba, you've got either to capture or sink Russian ships. That's the only point of blockade. There are no other ships that matter in there. Now, you can say, well, there are people like Mr. Nixon and Governor Rockefeller, and Senator Goldwater, who say, "We must do more," and when you look at it very closely, and say, "What more? Do you want war?" "No, we don't really . . . we don't have to go to war," they say. "Well, then, what do you want to do?" What they really want to do is *threaten* war. The theory is that in October, the President threatened Khrushchev with war if he didn't withdraw the offensive missiles, and he did withdraw them. Therefore, if we said to him, "Get out of Cuba – take your troops away. Let Castro fall," he would do the same. Well, nobody knows that, and the President of the United States has to make up his mind. In October, the presence of 40 missiles with possible nuclear warheads was a very great actual threat to the US. Seventeen thousand Russian troops, if that's the right number, with tanks in Cuba, are not a threat to the US. They cannot cross the 90 miles of water. They have nothing but launches and motorboats to do it. So, the President took the terrible risk on the missiles, but he can't take that risk over just the fact that they're there, and the only difference of opinion, really, among people who stop to analyze it in this country, is between those who think you could bluff

CHARLES COLLINGWOOD'S hour-long conversation on May 1 with Walter Lippmann, parts of which are printed here, was the fourth such annual interview over the CBS network.

Khrushchev into surrendering, and those who don't think that you can bluff him that far. That's the difference of opinion.

Collingwood: And you feel that the risk involved in the bluff is not worth the possible profit?

Lippmann: You can't gamble that way with the lives of masses of mankind.

Collingwood: How are we going to stop the spread of infection from Castro's Cuba to the rest of Latin America?

Lippmann: You throw off infection by being healthy, and South America is not healthy. Again and again, in most countries, you have a problem of poverty and riches, of backwardness, of illiteracy, not in all of them, which has to be cured. Now, what we're trying to do in South America may not succeed, because it's something that is really unheard of in human history. We're trying to help a whole continent do what would be accomplished, or supposedly be accomplished by a big revolution, without having the revolution. That's what the Alliance for Progress is. They're to go on being peaceful, democratic and progressive, and there are reactionary, or highly conservative people, who are against the measures of progress, [who] are supposed gently to listen to reason and fold up. Now, I have my fingers crossed as to whether that's going to happen, and I think anybody who takes too rosy a view of the future of the Alliance for Progress in South America, is "whistling in the dark" if I may use a mixed metaphor.

Collingwood: In this country, President Kennedy may be the visible herald of a new generation in politics, but he hasn't been very successful in his innovations so far, has he?

Lippmann: He hasn't, of course, been able to get many of the big measures of his program. He hasn't been nearly so successful as he thought he was going to be when he was running for President in 1960, and most people thought he would be. Now, there are several reasons why he hasn't been. The first is, he won by a very narrow majority. The second is that, although he was elected on major issues, I think it's fair to say that the bulk of public opinion really agrees with General Eisenhower. [Kennedy has] been dealing not merely with a Congress that doesn't agree with a great deal of his measures, but really with the American public that doesn't.

Collingwood: What is there in American public opinion that makes it difficult for him to convince them of his program?

Lippmann: Well, the main thing is that the country is

really very well off, in spite of the fact that our rate of economic growth is low, low compared with any advanced country in the world, except Great Britain. . . . While there are unemployed, the hard truth of the matter is that the unemployed are politically not very powerful people, and although they're very important, all these people, they're not politically powerful enough to make any great impression on Congress or the general public.

Collingwood: You feel, then, that there isn't much more that the President could have done to further his program?

Lippmann: There are several things that I wish he had done. . . . I think he's been too cautious on measures to stimulate economic growth, because we are producing considerably below our capacity to produce. We are losing, annually, in gross national product, perhaps \$30-\$35 billion, and the revenues from that would make a great difference both to the federal budget and to the state and municipal budgets.

Now, he hasn't done that, because the country really agrees with General Eisenhower that deficits are always bad, although General Eisenhower had the biggest one yet himself. . . . Deficits are bad if they're permanent, but deficits over a business cycle of four or five years, and deficits in the time when the cycle is down, are good. A lot of what is called spending and deficit . . . is called by private business, investment. The federal government keeps its books in such a way that no matter what it buys, whether it hires an errand boy, or builds a power dam, it's all the same; it's all spending. Nobody thinks it's a bad thing when the United States Steel Corporation, or General Motors, invests and builds a new plant and borrows the money. That's considered development. But it always seems much worse if the government does it.

Collingwood: The President has been criticized as being more concerned with the process of politics than the results — with his image than with the substance. Do you feel there is any merit in those criticisms?

Lippmann: I think there's some merit in it. . . . He thinks that measures have to be worked through by arrangements with Congress. He does not ever want to force measures as leaders do — as the two Roosevelts did, as Wilson did. He is a man who works it out politically. He's one of them. He's one of the boys. That's his method of dealing politically. And that is a good thing and a bad thing. It has its good side and bad side. He's sometimes too cautious. I think he's been too cautious about the tax cut, for example. On the other hand, he's right, I think, not to get in a deadly fight over some other measures where there's no hope of doing anything except splitting the two ends of Pennsylvania

Avenue from each other. Now, you asked me about his image of himself?

Collingwood: Yes.

Lippmann: One of his two or three serious weaknesses as a public leader is that he does not want to be unpopular anywhere – anywhere – with anyone, and I think that a public leader, at times . . . has to get into struggles where somebody gets a bloody nose. He doesn't want that ever, and that's where he differs from all his most successful predecessors who have been political leaders. All the others, the Roosevelts, and even Truman, and so on, they've always at some point got into a real struggle, and he doesn't – he avoids that.

Collingwood: Mr. Lippmann, is the Administration breaking any new ground in the arts and practices of government?

Lippmann: You could name some specific things that would be new ground. I think, for example, that in this Administration, the first really effective effort has been made to bring the military establishment, which is perfectly enormous, under civilian control. Now, one can argue a lot about whether Secretary McNamara's judgment about whether the Boeing plane was better than the General Dynamics plane . . . was right or wrong . . . but never since the establishment was put together during the war, or before the war, has any civilian control been as effective as his, and if he's wrong about how he exercises control, get a new Secretary, although I don't think we will get a better one, or one nearly so good; but let us keep our minds on the fact that control is at last being exercised.

Collingwood: What are the qualities in Secretary McNamara that have made him successful in controlling the military?

Lippmann: First of all, he's got an absolutely first class mind. There's nobody who knows more about what he's talking about than he does. Up to now, almost always – there have been maybe some exceptions – the Admirals and the Generals knew more about the equipment than the civilian, and he bowed to them. That is no longer true. McNamara is quite capable of debating anywhere with any of these Generals and Admirals about the value of these planes. In fact, his whole argument, as far as I can make out, with the McClellan Committee, is whether they will give him a chance to argue it. They're putting off the examination of McNamara.

Collingwood: The Secretary of Defense presides over the spending of a very considerable proportion of the national budget and the gross national product.

Lippmann: Ten percent of all the wealth of the US is disbursed by the Defense Department.

Collingwood: Do you think that's a healthy thing for our economy?

Lippmann: It's an unhealthy thing, but it's an unavoidable thing. We have to have this defense for all the reasons that everybody knows about . . . but we must never forget that it's a very, very dangerous and significant thing that so much of the money of the country, and so much of the brains, research, and all that of the country, is devoted to military purposes, and is under military command. . . . We must have it, but we must always have it with the knowledge that this is something we have to keep watching.

Collingwood: The question then arises, that if we didn't have it, would the money be spent for anything else. In his press conference last week, when the President was talking about the moon program, he said if we were to save money on this, it was not his judgment that it would be spent for education, or housing, or other things.

Lippmann: Well, I think he was being discouraged about Congress. I think he thought Congress doesn't want to spend money on anything except military affairs. So, if they didn't have to spend on military affairs, they wouldn't spend it. But I think the country has a lot of things it ought to spend money on besides military things. I would put as the highest priority a measure which is practically stranded now, namely, federal aid to education, because while you can wait a few years whether you rebuild a slum, or whether you build a highway – you can do it later, if necessary – you can't wait with education of children. If you don't educate them, they'll be uneducated when they grow up, and they'll be the parents, uneducated parents, of children who will be still less educated. So you get a thing that is a vicious spiral downward, and therefore, you can't let the thing drift. Our education is quite inadequate, and . . . you know why it's stalled. There's this quarrel over whether aid to education shall include the church schools, and particularly the parochial schools, and that has got to be resolved.

Collingwood: How can it be resolved?

Lippmann: It is not beyond the wit of man, if he means it, to find a way of aiding education, whether it's in public schools or parochial schools, without getting involved in the question of the teaching of religion.

Collingwood: Do you feel that concessions should be made to the parochial schools?

Lippmann: Yes, I do. We have to remember that we have laws in this country that every child must be edu-

cated, so we take that responsibility. We allow five million of them, or thereabouts – I think that's the figure – to be educated in these parochial schools. They are part of the American system of education. Otherwise, why do we allow them to be educated in these schools? If they're going to be educated in these schools, they should be educated well, as well as possible. Therefore, if they need money, as private schools do for textbooks, or laboratories, or even buildings, I think a way should be found of getting rid of this religious knot that we've tied ourselves into over that.

Collingwood: Are you implying that federal aid to education is so important that you would be willing to break with tradition and see aid go to parochial schools?

Lippmann: I am. I think it's so important that we cannot afford to postpone the improvement of the education any longer.

Collingwood: Next year, 1964, is going to be an election year. The Democrats don't have any particular problem. Kennedy will undoubtedly be the nominee. But what are the Republicans' prospects?

Lippmann: You mean their chances of nominating someone, or of electing someone?

Collingwood: Of electing someone.

Lippmann: Well, they're in a very difficult position, assuming that the country remains as prosperous as it is today, and that there's no catastrophe abroad. But assuming that, and you have to make some assumptions, their only hope is to be able to convince the country that they can do substantially what Kennedy is trying to do, only do it better. That is, there isn't any other ground. They can't say we are against doing it, because that is the great center position where the mass of the votes lie, and Kennedy, quite rightly, has occupied that center. Rockefeller really wants to occupy it too, and he believes the same thing. There is no difference in basic economic doctrine or philosophy between Kennedy and Rockefeller. The Rockefeller Reports on the economy and growth and deficits and budgets and education are identical, except for the changes of dates and up-dating figures, and so on, with the Kennedy program. Rockefeller's difficulty is that he wants to agree with Kennedy, in order to get the votes, and he wants to disagree with him in order to get nominated. It's very difficult. I think he's in trouble, and although he looks like the front runner, I wouldn't be too surprised to see the Republicans nominate Romney, who's more like the kind of man they're used to nominating – if you look back 30, 40 years – somebody who's not quite a Republican, and not quite a Democrat. They haven't had an authentic Republican since

Warren Harding after the First World War. I mean, Hoover . . . worked for the Democratic Administration, the Democrats tried to nominate him before the Republicans did. Willkie – 1940 – was a Democrat till a few weeks before he became a Republican candidate. General Eisenhower was almost nominated in the Democratic Convention four years before he was nominated in the Republican Convention. . . . Romney is another one like that

Collingwood: Is this because, once again, of the pull to the center that both parties have to face?

Lippmann: Yes, the pull to the center is very strong in this country. We don't have a class struggle. The middle class in the US includes most of the working class, not all of it, but most of it. We have no aristocratic feudal class on the other side. So, most of this country is middle class, and that's the center.

Collingwood: Where does that leave Senator Goldwater who certainly is a Republican?

Lippmann: Well . . . if they wanted to make American politics logical and clear and get a final clearcut decision, the Republicans ought to nominate Goldwater, and at last get a Republican who is a Republican. Now, whether they have got the nerve to do that, I don't know.

Collingwood: Are you implying that you're in the market for a Goldwater for President button, or do you mean that this would be an interesting test of the basic strength of the two parties?

Lippmann: I'd like to see the issue put to the test once. We have been hearing for a generation that the Republican candidate is never a real Republican, and that's why he doesn't get elected, that he's always a "me too" man. Well, now, there's a man who is not a "me too" man. It would be just as well to try it out once and let Kennedy and Goldwater, who is supposed to be a true Republican, fight it out and see what the country wants. They might as well get something out of their system which they need to get out of their system.

Collingwood: You say that Senator Goldwater is a real Republican. Do you think he's a real conservative?

Lippmann: No, I consider Kennedy a conservative. I consider Rockefeller a conservative. A conservative is not a man who wants to repeal everything that's happened in the last 20 years [but] a man who wants to conserve it and make it grow, and have it develop. . . . Good conservatives are liberal about how the laws are executed, and they're progressive about adapting them to changing conditions, and the idea that one man's a conservative but not liberal, and another man is liberal but not conservative, is just misunderstanding of terms.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Predicaments of Soviet Writing-II

by Irving Howe

The anthology edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward charts the literary development of those Russian writers who tried to preserve some independence while seldom risking or wanting full political opposition. It is a fine if uneven book, and should be read by people who care about literature, by people who care about politics, and by the happy few who care about both.

What strikes one in reading this collection is how brilliant a period in Russian literary history was the decade after the revolution. The cultural mod-

Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature
edited by Max Hayward and
Patricia Blake
(Pantheon; \$5.95)

People and Life 1891-1921
by Ilya Ehrenburg
translated by Anna Bostock
and Yvonne Kapp
(Knopf; \$5.95)

ernism of the twenties was international by its very nature, flourishing in Moscow as well as in Paris and London; and it was at this time that such formidable writers as Zamyatin, Babel, Pilnyak, Mayakovsky, Pasternak and Esenin came to prominence. Zamyatin is represented in *Dissonant Voices* by a brilliant essay calling for a "permanent revolution" in the arts, a classical statement of modernist unrest; Pilnyak by part of his novella *Mahogany*, a sophisticated fiction composed in an elaborate, almost rococo style, which brought down upon him a vicious attack from the commissars; Babel by an extremely violent story that is memorable but not among his best; Pasternak by a weak prose sketch; Esenin by a familiar but magnificent poem; and Mayakovsky, unaccountably, not at all. The most

remarkable item in the book is an excerpt from the unfinished autobiography of the comic writer Mikhail Zoshchenko, long in disfavor with the regime. In staccato paragraphs, and through a voice mournful almost to the edge of farce, he describes his personal unhappiness and erotic torments, which seem all too much like those we know in the decadent West.

Taken together, these pieces illustrate the vitality, range and boldness of Russian literature as it flourished in the twenties and then was hacked to death. By comparison the new writers seem timid, pale, without personal flavor. Such young men as Chukovsky, Kazakov, Tendryakov write stories that are free of the deceit which is an integral part of "socialist realism," and therefore, one imagines, interesting to Russian readers simply because they refuse to tell lies even when they cannot yet tell the whole truth. Turning back to the impersonal objectivity of Chekhovian realism—which means, skipping past the innovations of writers like Babel and Pilnyak—these younger men show a desire to be faithful to the personal ear and to affirm the uncorrupted data of their senses. Still, there is something terribly sad and stunted about this work, in the way there might be in the movements of a man who had suffered a serious stroke and must now learn to walk once more.

In what sense can such writers be called "dissonant?" One understands how the word can be applied to the older men. Pasternak was a principled opponent of dictatorial methods; Babel an incorrigible enemy of social deceit; Mayakovsky a Communist but a poet of independence. But the younger writers? Even Evtushenko, represented here by his much-amended "Babi Yar," is a journalistic rhymester who, despite his current disfavor, has not raised any

fundamental questions as to the nature of the regime. Only one new writer in the book, Nikolai Arzak, in a mordant story, "This Is Moscow Speaking," which suggests the influence of Zamyatin's anti-utopian novel *We*, writes with a clear note of political dissidence. But Arzak, like Tertz, is a pseudonym, and his story has never been published in Russia itself. Apparently a literary underground of some importance has grown up in Russia, somewhat like the underground for experimental painting. On what grounds, however, can the writers who appear in the official magazines, even those who try to inject a word of sincerity or restrained criticism into their work, be called "dissonant?"

Mr. Hayward, in his excellent introduction, sets down the following principle:

"Most of the voices represented here are dissonant, not in any political sense, but in that they do not speak in that trite and monotonous accent which, owing to the long and bitter years of Stalin's dictatorship, is still regarded by many people in the West as the sole voice of Soviet literature."

Elastic though it may seem, this principle of selection is quite justified. Justified politically: any deviation, no matter how trivial, from the norms of the state raises the possibility of freedom. Justified in literary terms: "socialist realism" is not a serious if mistaken aesthetic doctrine, it is a mere swindle, a pretext for state domination of the arts. The deviation which raises the possibility of freedom also implies the possibility of a genuine literature.

Under Tsarism writers could not print direct attacks on the state, though they often found ways of circumventing this prohibition; but they did not have to adhere to a particular style or literary doctrine, nor did they have to compose tributes to the Tsar. Since the late twenties, by contrast, the Communist dictatorship has not merely suppressed

dissidents, it has required that approval of its claims be registered by writers through an official style called "socialist realism," which in practice comes to little more than unremittant propaganda. As Mr. Hayward remarks:

"... literature need not necessarily suffer from purely negative limitations on the right of publication (19th Century Russian literature and early Soviet literature flourished under censorship) or from the *voluntary* acceptance of a particular set of doctrinal terms of reference (as in the case of Catholic writers), but when matters of form and content are strictly regulated in accordance with extraliterary criteria, the result is very serious for creative effort."

Yet in reading *Dissonant Voices* and reflecting upon Khrushchev's recent measures against writers and artists, one cannot help wondering: Is such a degree of repression necessary or "inherent" even in a totalitarian society?

Suppose Khrushchev allowed the abstract painters to exhibit their work, would that really threaten the security of the regime?

Surely not; and in the short run it might even strengthen the dictatorship. Other Communist states, such as those in Poland and Yugoslavia, have managed to survive public displays of *avant garde* paintings. And in Russia itself, very few of the younger writers or artists can be regarded as opponents of Communism. Tertz and Arzak may be, but most of the others are not. Solzhenitsyn never calls into question the Communist monopoly of power, and Evtushenko makes it clear that he considers himself a loyal supporter of the regime. All such men ask for is a chance to breathe a little more freely.

But there is a counter-argument, which both the regime and its foreign critics seem to take seriously: Between what the dissident young writers want and the possible consequences of acting upon their desire lies a considerable distance. Revolutionary dissatisfaction

in the past has often begun among people who regarded themselves not as fundamental opponents of the state but as its loyal if dissatisfied supporters. The dissident writers, even when most sincere in their allegiance to Communism, threaten the party's monopoly of power; they have no political ambitions, they speak for no political movement; yet it is in the nature of totalitarianism, both as an ideology and a system of power, that it regard each deviation as a potential dissidence and each dissidence as a potential opposition. Khrushchev and his accomplices retain enough memories of Marxism, or just plain realism, to suspect that isolated figures can embody the historical dynamism of tomorrow: an Evtushenko may unwittingly become the intellectual equivalent of a Father Gapon, who set off the 1905 revolution not as an enemy but as a loyal subject of the Tsar.

Khrushchev's policy—so this argument continues—bears within itself an insoluble contradiction. It requires him either to take further steps toward liberalization, which can threaten the Communist monopoly of power to which he is committed, or to retreat toward harsher rule and perhaps terror, which threatens the popularity he has gained through reforms and the ease felt by party leaders who need no longer fear they will end their days in Siberia. In this situation, writers who may want nothing more than to have a bit of freedom for their own work, are forced to assume historical roles they do not desire and may even fear.

Now in some long-range sense this analysis is probably correct, and the regime can be credited with historical shrewdness in suspecting that an Evtushenko writing freely today could lead to the far more serious threat of a Tertz or Arzak publishing in Russia tomorrow. But I would suspect that, while aware of such ultimate considerations, there are more immediate reasons for Khrushchev's repressions. Memories of 1956 remain alive in the Kremlin, if nowhere else. Inner disputes among the party bureaucrats can force the hand of the dominant leaders. The Chinese have a stultifying effect. And the Russian bureaucracy as a whole, getting fatter and more compla-

The Judge

The judge I cut with the razor of noon.
I drew the air of dead law from his brain.
Laying him cold on books and newsprint,
I bent a ray of truth into his blood.

Whenever the police sprang from blank walls,
I folded them stiff as sandpaper, and scrubbed
the judge's skin till a pink of health emerged.
I purged and scoured his waxen abdomen
to flatness. Then I heard the hornets of bells
spilling from the towers of civil authority.
These I placed on the judge's closed lids,
the thick, aching welt of his mouth,
to crowd the last sigh back with buzzing
of lovelessness, to sting the soul
to swollen-full with venom
of precedent, and evidence, and tract.

The facts, the busy correctness he'd spoken
floated and swarmed within his rancid bone,
bloating him to gelid, insensible shame.

The chamber of the law grew dark; I shouted
proud, different truths no one had heard before,
the clear announcement of my single, great decision.

GEORGE ABBE

cent, finds the idea of experiment in literature and art offensive to its taste, its security, its self-esteem. Especially does this seem to be true for that section of the party leadership which came up from the peasantry or the urban poor and now revels in a kind of *ar-riviste* smugness, repeating the clichés of Marxism with the solemnity of a Boudierby repeating the clichés of utilitarianism. Now that he has made the Central Committee (only last week Khrushchev slapped him on the back and praised his firmness in keeping the local party in line), why should the Communist bureaucrat put up with such affronts to his dignity – nay, to his *culture* – as the mumbo-jumbo poems of Voznesensky or the donkey-tail paintings of the expressionists?

At the moment, Ilya Ehrenburg is said to be a hero among the dissident young in Moscow. If so, it is more Khrushchev's doing than Ehrenburg's. For Ehrenburg has not really earned such a reputation, and among the more sophisticated of his younger colleagues it may well be based on a tacit decision to let a full scrutiny of his career wait until a more convenient time. During the Khrushchev years, Ehrenburg has kept a cautious step or two ahead of the regime – advocating a damper "thaw," hinting that the Kremlin will not topple if an abstract painting is seen by Moscovites, and tempting young readers with reminiscences of his days in Paris. But the total history of the man is dismal, a record of time-serving and trimming. No one, from afar, has the right to demand heroism of others, especially of people who had to suffer the terror of Hitler or Stalin; but it remains indispensable to point out that some men behaved better than others, that Pasternak did not lower himself to the opportunism of an Ehrenburg, and above all, that it is a piece of effrontery, as well as an injustice to the fallen, for Ehrenburg now to assume the posture of a man dedicated to cultural freedom.

Ehrenburg's book of memoirs is one of the saddest books I have ever read. It comes with an air of bravado, bearing promises of candor. It is written with journalistic skill: he knows how to compose a sketch that will bristle with half-visible suggestion, he knows

how to drop a telling phrase, he knows how to draw the external likeness of a famous writer. But what he cannot do, or thinks it wise not to do, is tell the whole truth.

Ehrenburg's evasiveness extends from seemingly trivial but telling details to major aspects of his career. At 17 he was arrested in a Bolshevik demonstration, and he is proud to remember it; but he does not trouble to remark that arrested with him was Nikolai Bukharin, later chairman of the Communist International and murdered by the Stalin regime. During the revolution Ehrenburg was in Russia, but from his memoirs you would never learn that a man named Trotsky played any role in those days. Such references are not yet sanctioned.

More important: Ehrenburg has a number of vivid descriptions of the great Western artists whom he knew: Picasso, Leger, many others. He speaks of them admiringly, and part of his intention clearly is to suggest to his readers the benefits and pleasures of knowing something about modern European culture. But he says nothing about the content, the meaning, the aspirations of modernist culture, so that his discussion of the great figures is reduced to anecdote and insinuation. Ehrenburg knows where to stop.

After the revolution, Ehrenburg took a decidedly ambivalent attitude toward the Bolshevik regime. In 1927 he published a very amusing satire, *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*, in which a clever Jewish tailor wanders through Russia and Western Europe, recording critical observations through his seemingly naïve speech. With time, and as Stalin's totalitarianism replaced Lenin's revolutionary dictatorship, Ehrenburg made his peace with the regime. But a curiously privileged kind of peace, for all through the thirties, when the leading Russian intellectuals were being hunted down, imprisoned and shot, Ehrenburg managed to travel freely back and forth between Paris and Moscow, "as if" – writes Mr. T. R. Fyvel in an authoritative and fascinating study of Ehrenburg (*Encounter*, December 1961) – "this atmosphere did not concern him. Had he his own dispensation direct from Stalin? One might almost have thought so. He stayed put [in Paris] on the outbreak

of World War II. During the phase of the Nazi-Soviet pact, he wrote no attacks on Nazism. Protected by his Soviet citizenship when others fled, he watched Hitler's soldiers march into Paris, while *Pravda* spoke of the fall of France as 'a great triumph for the German armies'."

Then comes the blackest episode in Ehrenburg's life. Back in Moscow, he became friendly with the leading Yiddish writers – Bergelson, Markish and Feffer – and served with them on the "Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee" which tried to rally world-wide support for the Russian war effort. When the Yiddish writers, toward the end of the war, tried to inquire about the increasingly anti-Semitic policies of the Stalin regime, Ehrenburg was present at some of the discussions they held with party officials. Later, in 1949, almost all the members of the Committee were arrested, sent to labor camps and in 1952 secretly tried and killed. Ehrenburg,

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once again, escaped with his skin, and among many of the friends of the Yiddish writers it was said that he turned against them. Later, questioned in Paris by Jewish spokesmen, he denied knowing anything about the fate of Bergelson, Markish and Feffer—a claim as preposterous as that in the most recent installment of his memoirs to the effect that he did not know about the crimes of Stalin.

There is a sequel to this story. In 1943 Bernard Turner, Moscow correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* and the Tel Aviv *Davar*, was sentenced to ten years of forced labor. He was freed after Stalin's death, and in the Yiddish literary magazine, *Di Goldene Keyt* (No. 25, 1956) he published his memoirs. In a wretched camp at Bratsk, Siberia, Turner met the two distinguished Yiddish writers—Bergelson, now a broken old man working as barracks-sweep, and Feffer, once a Red Army Colonel, "now a skeleton of a man." Both men told him of the tortures and humiliations they had suffered during their "interrogations."

Turner continues:

"They made the following request of me: Should you ever meet Ilya Ehrenburg, ask him in our name to place flowers on the unknown graves of those innocents murdered, in whose martyrs' deaths he had a goodly share.

"Six years later, in October 1955, I had the opportunity of fulfilling this last wish of Bergelson and Feffer. It was at the Vienna airport. In the presence of the chairman of the So-

viet Writers' Union, Nikolai Tikhonov, I transmitted to Ehrenburg, in their very words, the last wish of his comrades of the pen, Bergelson and Feffer. Ehrenburg turned pale as chalk. His lips began to tremble, foaming at the mouth. A lost soul, he began to back away, and fled from me."

Today Ilya Ehrenburg is being harassed by the Kremlin, and one hopes that he will not suffer even a minute fraction of what his colleagues suf-

fered. But one hopes, too, that the truth about his past, whether it comes from him or someone else, will reach those young writers in Russia who are trying to find a new way. I believe that the obligation of historical memory is a sacred one which each generation must bear. Whether it will make the future any better, whether it will inhibit the tyrants of tomorrow or give strength to their victims, whether it will have any practical use at all, I do not know. But without historical memory, it is impossible to be human.

In Defense of the House

by Robert D. Novak

The outsider is not likely to show much natural affinity for the US House of Representatives. The casual tourist wandering about the Capitol usually is repelled by the disorderly House debate and turns instead to the courtly and stylized (though frequently banal) dialogue of the Senate. Many veteran newspaper correspondents of Washington pride themselves on how little they

*Forge of Democracy:
The House of Representatives*
by Neil MacNeil
(McKay; \$6.75)

know or care about the complicated business of the House. And from Prof. Woodrow Wilson in 1894 to Prof. James MacGregor Burns in 1963, the liberal intellectual tends to be bewildered and exasperated by the House. "It is impossible," the young Wilson wrote in his doctoral dissertation nearly 80 years ago, "to discover any unity or method in the disconnected and therefore unsystematic, confused and desultory action of the House, or any common purpose in the measures which its Committees from time to time recommend."

Nor has the decline of the Senate and simultaneous increase in the House's importance over the last three years heightened the prestige of the House either in the tight little world of Washington or in the academic community. To the contrary, the House now is the scapegoat for very nearly every short-

coming of the Kennedy Administration and the favorite whipping boy for liberal academicians and editorialists. The past six months have witnessed an unprecedented uproar over the reform and democratization of the House, including demands that the House's committee system and seniority system be scrapped and that its membership be changed to make it more representative of national sentiment.

Many of these would-be reformers reveal a startling ignorance of the internal workings of the House. In fact, it is a remarkably efficient parliamentary institution that is not nearly so devoted to scuttling the Kennedy program as its critics insist (it was far more sympathetic last year to Mr. Kennedy's tax revision and foreign trade proposals than was the supposedly more liberal Senate). Perhaps what the House really needs most is an interpreter, a popularizer, a Boswell to sing its praises as William S. White has glorified the Senate. It may now have found that troubador in Neil MacNeil, chief Congressional correspondent for *Time* and an unabashed admirer of the House and all its works.

Forge of Democracy is no tedious point-by-point rebuttal of anti-House critics but is instead a highly entertaining portrayal of House folkways and how they got that way. MacNeil is short on tightly reasoned arguments in behalf of the House and long on fascinating anecdotes about its past and details about the inner politics of its

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present, revealing an unusual combination of scholarly research and day-by-day journalistic legwork. Nevertheless, the overall impact of the book is a soft-voiced apologia.

Consider, for example, the frequent charge that the House has drifted away from the mainstream of 20th Century America and is thwarting the people's will. Almost every chapter finds a denial, either implicit or explicit. MacNeil makes short work of the canard that the House has a conservative bias because of overrepresentation for rural Tories. (Actually both rural and northern urban areas are overrepresented with the highly conservative residents of the upper income suburbs and the Southern cities the worst victims of underrepresentation; Republican Dallas is today the most outrageously underrepresented metropolitan area in the nation with the far right wing Bruce Alger serving nearly one million constituents). Moreover, MacNeil contends that "the 'bullet vote' of the activist political minorities" in selecting the President and most members of the Senate makes those institutions less representative of national sentiment than is the House of Representatives.

What MacNeil suggests is that the House in reality is the most representative institution in the Federal Government just as the Founding Fathers intended it to be and so reflects, for better or for worse, the nation as it is. If 19th Century members packed firearms on the House floor while prostitutes waited for them in the visitors' gallery they reflected a still untamed frontier country. If the House today seems more provincial than the Senate or the executive departments in Washington, it is probably a more faithful mirror of most of the country. And if the House remains wedded to the concept of the balanced budget and governmental economy, it is merely reflecting a national adherence to fiscal orthodoxy. In displaying hostility to many a Kennedy proposal, MacNeil writes, the House is "drawing on its ancient claim of representing the American people."

This, of course, is no more than the old Whig doctrine laid down by Henry Clay in his struggle with Andrew Jackson. But MacNeil has done more here than merely reiterate Whig dogma.

The real story he tells is of the House's evolution from an inefficient and chaotic rabble to a parliamentary body that today usually can work its will. This evolution was a *tour de force*, since the House is able to function despite the presence of nearly a dozen identifiable pseudo-parties on the House floor and the absence of ministerial responsibility, real party discipline or extraordinary authority for the Speaker. What stands between the House and disorganization is a rigid, complicated and ingenious set of rules that have slowly evolved over the years. While the Senate must suspend its rules to accomplish anything (as did the House a century ago), the House today functions only because of its rules.

Far from obstructing majority will, the House rules (except for a loophole that has permitted the runaway Rules Committee) are geared to facilitate the wishes of the majority and prevent the tyranny of the minority from frustrating the House as was the case in post-Civil War days. And an integral part of this system is the delegation of vast powers by the House to the standing committees and their chairmen in order to prevent deadlock on the floor. Because these chairmen often are Southern conservatives under the seniority system, the entire committee system comes under liberal attack. But, as MacNeil writes: "The alternative, one from which the House has always shrunk, has been chaos."

The discipline of the House rules and the requirements for specialization under the committee system have produced not only a unique parliamentary institution but a unique civil servant: the House man. Typically, he is moderate ideologically, not ambitious for political office outside the House, unknown nationally, highly expert in some legislative speciality, more at home in the internal politics of the House than the greater world of national politics. "The House has had mountebanks, impostors, make-believe statesmen and empty-headed orators, but they have been given short shrift in the House and no control over the House's great political and legislative powers," MacNeil contends. Though parliamentary leaders as striking as a Robert Taft or a Lyndon Johnson seldom appear in the House, neither does

a Joe McCarthy gain a position of prominence there.

Is then the House some sort of parliamentary paradise where no imperfection intrudes itself? The House men celebrated by MacNeil seem to say so, and MacNeil himself seems to agree. Indeed, *Forge of Democracy* suffers from the same inability to criticize the House that plagues the House itself.

There is, for instance, MacNeil's attitude toward that aspect of House rules that prohibits roll call votes when the House is acting as the Committee of the Whole. Because there is no permanent record of how members vote on some of the most controversial questions, a member can simply duck a hot issue or even misrepresent to constituents the way he actually votes. Far from condemning this flaw in the rules, MacNeil defends it as a positive good, arguing that it permits members to "vote freely without thought of political retaliation from voters back home."

It naturally follows that MacNeil is not greatly disturbed by the 25-year-old rules crisis over the transmutation



F. R. LEAVIS

Two Cultures?

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tion of the Rules Committee into a sort of final appellate body on all legislation. Although the committee was shaped by Republican leaders in the late 19th century to serve as a tool for the majority leadership in making sure that the majority would rule, the 1910 progressive revolt against the tyranny of Speaker Joe Cannon drove the first wedge between the committee and the leadership by barring the Speaker from membership on the committee. This parliamentary time bomb was detonated during the New Deal when a conservative coalition took control of the committee to prevent liberal legis-

lation from reaching the House floor. Since then, the committee has functioned as originally intended only during four years of Republican control. Nevertheless, MacNeil quotes the late Sam Rayburn as referring to the House rules as "pretty near perfect."

Yet, it is understandable that the House and its defenders are not eager to engage in self-criticism. The current attack against the House has been so extreme that nothing less than an equally uncompromising defense of the House can be expected in reply. In fact, MacNeil usually is closer to the truth than the critics.

personality which is given and guaranteed by the body politic. . . . They believed they had emancipated nature herself, as it were, liberated the natural man in all men, and given him the Rights of Man to which each was entitled, not by virtue of the body politic to which he belonged but by virtue of being born. In other words, by the unending hunt for hypocrites and through the passion for unmasking society, they had, albeit unknowingly, torn away the mask of the *persona* as well, so that the Reign of Terror eventually spelled out the exact opposite of true liberation and true equality; it equalized because it left all inhabitants equally without the protecting mask of a legal personality."

Restraints, Rights, Revolutions

by Charles Burton Marshall

The people of St. Paul's natal city, Tarsus, were assimilated to Roman citizenship and thus partook of benefits and immunities pertinent to a highly refined political and legal system. This is what Paul referred to in describing himself as born free. As Hannah Arendt would put it, Paul had "a *persona*, a legal personality . . . as though the law had affixed to him the part he was

On Revolution
by Hannah Arendt
(Viking; \$6.50)

expected to play on the public scene, with the provision, however, that his own voice would carry through."

In such a sense as Paul's, the Americans were born free. Independence was a vindication of established usages against sudden despotic encroachment by an absentee sovereign. In cutting the leading strings and entering the public life of the world, Americans, because they already had them, were spared the problem of having to create the bases of a public life within. Their revolution fitted the meaning of the term as it had been transferred metaphorically from astronomy to politics a century earlier—"a movement of revolving back to some pre-established point and, by implication, of swinging back into a pre-ordained order."

"Revolution," as Crane Brinton observed, has become "one of the looser

words." The French Revolution did a lot to loosen it. Starting reasonably enough as a claim by the Third Estate to be admitted to and even to rule the political realm, that movement soon fell into the hands of men obsessed with a dogmatic preference for the primitive as more natural than the habits of civilization. The recovery of natural rights meant casting off restraint. Reason was equated with the abandonment of experience. Wordsworth envisioned

France standing on the top of
golden hours,
And human nature seeming born
again.

To be born free meant to renew a primordial situation. Revolution was construed as absolute innovation. To clear the way, men undertook to demolish society as if tearing down a barn—oblivious of being themselves involved as parts of the structure destroyed.

The concept of freedom as an end to restraint resulted in giving free reign to power, absolute power brought an end to freedom, and the French Revolution thus wound up in a contradiction, as Edmund Burke had foreseen. According to Dr. Arendt,

" . . . the men of the French Revolution had no conception of the *persona*, and no respect for the legal

Dr. Arendt's *On Revolution* compares these two great revolutions in respect of their genesis, their course, and their historic effects—a task undertaken many times before. She brings it off well. The text might profitably have reflected, and the bibliography have included, such works as Brinton's *The Anatomy of Revolution*, Denis Brogan's *The Price of Revolution*, Christopher Dawson's *The Movement of World Revolution*, Charles McIlwain's *The American Revolution*, and Louis Hartz' *The Liberal Tradition in America*. One should not expect everything, however. As it is, Dr. Arendt's work is eloquent and thorough. It is concerned with the applicability of the American example in times ahead—with war as a direct violent encounter between governing systems presumably becoming outmoded, and with success in setting patterns of revolutionary change emerging as the main determinant in international political competition. In this respect, *On Revolution* raises more questions than it answers. On balance it is not reassuring.

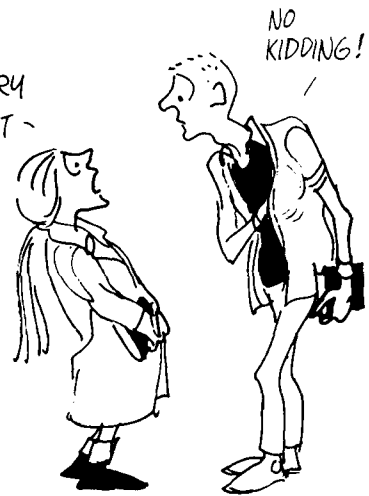
In both the American instances and the French, the makers of revolution regarded themselves as exemplars for all mankind. As human affairs go, the American venture was a considerable internal success. In contrast, the French one was a disaster. Yet, paradoxically, as Dr. Arendt notes, the American Revolution "has remained an event of little more than local importance"—whereas the French one "has made

JULES FEIFFER

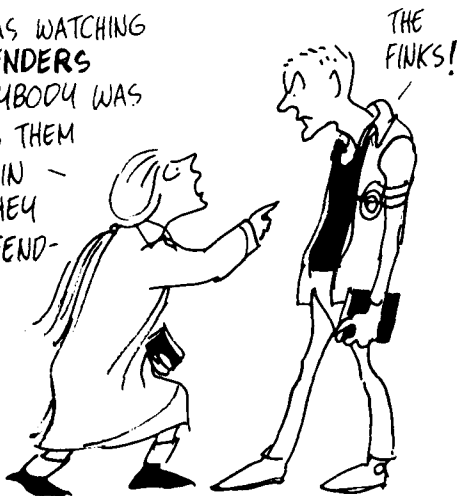
SO I WAS WATCHING
SAM BENEDICT
AND EVERYBODY
WAS ATTACKING
HIM BECAUSE
IN COURT HE
WAS DEFENDING
A NAZI AND
A COMMUNIST.



NOT SAM BENEDICT!
WHY, DID YOU KNOW
THAT IN THIS COUNTRY
THE FIFTH AMENDMENT -
SAUS THAT EVERYONE
NO MATTER WHO
THEY ARE HAS
THE RIGHT TO
A FAIR TRIAL!



THEN I WAS WATCHING
THE DEFENDERS
AND EVERYBODY WAS
ATTACKING THEM
BECAUSE IN
COURT THEY
WERE DEFENDING
AN
ATHEIST.



WELL, NOT EXACTLY. DID
YOU KNOW THAT IN THIS
COUNTRY THE SUPREME
COURT HAS SAID THAT
IT'S NOT ACTUALLY
AGAINST THE LAW
TO NOT HAVE A
RELIGION!



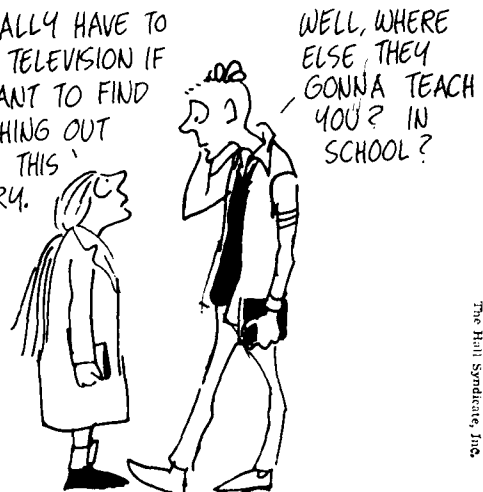
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5-19

THEN ON NAKED CITY
A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER
THEY HAD THIS CASE
WHERE THE POLICE
TAPPED THESE
TELEPHONE CALLS
BUT THE CASE
GOT THROWN
OUT OF COURT!



YOU REALLY HAVE TO
WATCH TELEVISION IF
YOU WANT TO FIND
SOMETHING OUT
ABOUT THIS
COUNTRY.



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world history," and "our present use of the word 'revolution' received its connotations and overtones everywhere" from its course, rather than from the course of events in America and from the acts of the Founding Fathers.

The idea of revolution as an absolutely new start is delusory. Men trying to improve on a moderate past will probably exemplify moderation. Men seeking to overturn absolutism are all too likely to end up perpetuating it. The French ideologues, echoed through Hegel and Marx to a diversity of emulators, moreover, produce an exciting effect. Where the weight of static tradition lies heavy and where the fabric of trust and the foundations of public life are meager or missing altogether, the idea of an absolutely new start is likely to seem persuasive. Also, the French Revolution entered an extravagant and tragic course when multitudes of the poor, full of grievances and great expectations, flooded into the general life of the land. The relatively well-off Americans were spared that experience. They began as Englishmen, accustomed to property and seeking only to hold on to established rights, as McIlwain pointed out a generation ago; but much of the world is little like England and reflects an un-English weakness for ideology and absolutes.

Brogan's *The Price of Revolution*, written a decade or so back, ended with a reply given by a wise and humble man to a question concerning the main lesson learned in a lifetime of hard work: "There is no free lunch." That means no right or benefit unencumbered by obligation, no prerogative without a corresponding duty. Liberty and restraint are inseparable. Rights and authority go hand in hand. Burke had an analogous thought in mind when he wrote: "Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide

for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. . . . In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their

rights." The links between restraint and freedom are subtle. Even a fortunate people can realize this interdependence only contingently and imperfectly – and that by dint of hard critical effort. It is small wonder that such truths are not self-evident to men everywhere.

TELEVISION

Is "Little TV" Possible?

It's hard these days to be decently poor. Yet many people who are doing important things are too busy to make money. Are such people necessarily excluded from TV? Can't there be Little TV as there is Little Theater?

In the big corporations, those who make decisions try to get the maximum profits by competition and to fix non-competitive high prices to protect their vast investments. Workmen, through their unions and statutes, try to protect themselves and to enlarge their slice of the pie. In all bureaucratic administration, the overhead uses up as much of the production as possible. The rest of the wealth spills over into "soft money" – tax-dodges, advertising budgets, expense-accounts, foundation-grants, "salaries" and honoraria supplied to Personalities.

The bother is that the inflation makes it hard to do anything on a small scale. It is nearly impossible to get \$5,000 for a modest, tailor-made educational experiment by people eager to work 18 hours a day and double in brass. It is not hard at all to get \$500,000 for the same idea, dressed up as a professionally impeccable Research project.

Historically, TV developed in our inflationary period. Like the movies, it traffics in Personalities. Like the slick magazines, it is thick in advertising – the present annual budget for TV advertising is \$1.75 billion. Its technicians are highly trained and unionized. Its various images require neo-Glassic façades and plenty of lunches. This runs into money.

My wistful question is this: of the 1,200 new stations to be licensed as new channels are lit up, *could* a dozen

be run on a shoestring, by people who are not interested in money for themselves and do not have access to big money for their enterprise; who are restive among big advertisers or foundations, but would rely on subscriptions and gifts from the like-minded or on book-ads? In TV, how much is a shoestring?

I am reminded of the irate outcry of a union-leader to a little theater I was associated with: "If you got no dough, mister, stay out of show-business!" Certainly out of TV. Yet what if artists who have no dough want to be in show-biz and TV?

Consider some analogies. The budget for a Hollywood film easily exceeds \$1 million. An independently sponsored film on Robert Frost cost \$100,000. A 16 mm. full-length art-film cost its maker, Willard Maas, and his associates \$3,000 in cash.) Here the artist and his friends, including many famous names, all worked for free, for art, love, or kicks, and made up in ingenuity what they lacked in apparatus. A Broadway play with a medium cast costs \$100,000 to mount and \$20,000 a week to run. The director of the off-Broadway Living Theater (Julian Beck) says that such a play costs between eight and ten thousand dollars to mount and \$2,000 a week; this is paying Equity minimum salaries, equivalent to subsistence. The two evenings of theater I enjoyed most this year were the work of artist-friends at the rent-free Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village, and probably cost less than \$500 each.

A more exact analogy to TV is the continuous running of a radio station, and here we have a figure for a shoe-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

George Abbe published his latest collection of poems in 1956. Robert D. Novak, formerly with the Wall Street Journal, now writes a syndicated column from Washington, in collaboration with Rowland Evans.

string. WBAI, part of the Pacifica Foundation "network" of three stations, is a valuable asset of the New York City region; it has 12,000 subscribers at \$12 each, and an audience of perhaps a quarter of a million. It broadcasts more than 6,500 hours a year for a total budget of less than \$250,000. In other words, the station costs \$38 an hour to run, including programs and broadcasting! Most of the talent is volunteer; staff salaries are from \$5,000 to \$9,000; the top Pacifica salary is \$12,000. For somewhat comparable commercial radio in New York, prime air-time (without program) costs \$100 a minute, or an average of \$700 an hour for sponsored programs. Thus the cost of buying the time alone is nearly twenty times WBAI's inclusive operating expense.

In TV, I don't know of any such yardstick. But suppose one wants to produce a TV show. What goes into the budget? First, rental for a studio to make the tape; that, at least for NBC, will be approximately \$400 an hour, for which one gets 3 to 4 cameras, but of course, no staff, set, special lighting, etc. There are extra expenses; for instance a "monitor" — the studio TV set in which you see what you're doing — is \$100 a day.

Production is budgeted for Technical (below the line) and Artistic (above the line). The technical staff for a modest show without music or frills will require the following union-men: cameramen, electrician, stage-hands, make-up, sound, assistant-director in the control-room, floor-manager who points at you to begin and holds up two fingers to indicate two minutes left, opticals who holds up the credits in front of the camera. The pay for these men varies, but big-time it is from \$6 to \$12 an hour with a minimum hiring of four hours. Feather-bedding is as usual. The make-up man must hang around whether or not there is make-up or it needs changing. The small set of *Open End* requires three stage-hands. If the show has a musical signature, its costs \$45 to drop the needle on the record at the beginning and \$45 at the end. Add also something between 10 and 20 percent of the total below the line for "contingencies." I have heard an estimate that the technical budget averages some \$4,000 for a half-hour production.

Most of the artists are not unionized and tend to be either exploited or, if they are important names, overpaid. They include producer, director, associate producer, production-assistants, writer, art work, actors. Actors in general belong to the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists and get \$320 an appearance. Production-assistants scurry for \$75 a week.

Add film and processing, properties, special equipment.

Next, total below and above the line, add 25 percent for the Production Fee. One thing and another, \$10,000 is a moderate price for filming a half-hour show. Whatever the cost, the sponsor pays an additional 15 percent to his advertising agency.

Finally, to broadcast the show, add the station's fee for its own equipment and overhead. Air-time is \$2,000 an hour for a local (New York) station; it is \$143,000 an hour — \$85,000 a half hour — for 200 stations of the NBC network, prime time, 7:30-10:30 P.M.

Clearly this is not a cheap operation. It exhibits the familiar pattern of monopoly rentals and patents, insurance, fees for everything, union-perquisites, over-staffing, and of course profits. Some of this — by no means all — is necessary in any big-scale operation. But what would a frugal, small-scale operation cost? (One thinks of that \$38 an hour of WBAI!)

Although Channel 13, the Educational television station in New York, is a

non-profit organization, it is certainly not our required yardstick for frugality. What struck many of us in the recent hassle over the firing of Mr. Heffner, the station's vice president, was not the alleged effort of NBC to influence the station's policy in collusion with Mr. Gould, the station's president, but the news that Mr. Heffner was getting \$32,500 a year. Mr. Gould gets \$45,000; he is thus on a par with the president of a great university, and indeed he contributes about an equivalent amount to the style and wisdom of Americans. One can envisage the secretaries and the office space commensurate with these handsome figures. (For direct contrast, the top administration of KQED, a more lively and intellectually adventurous non-commercial station in San Francisco, is paid, I am told, \$15,000 a year.) The budget of Channel 13 is \$3 million for 5,000 hours of operation, or \$600 an hour, including programming and broadcasting. According to big-time standards this is a low figure, but I bet it is four or five times higher than decent poverty.

There are two distinct levels on which we must ask about the influence of economic factors on the kind of information, entertainment, and life conveyed on TV. There is the familiar effect of the need of advertisers to appeal to the broadest mass base and avoid offending anybody. But here I am speaking of the character of the

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people involved in producing and broadcasting. In the nature of the case, enterprises that require big expenditures of social wealth will be mainly staffed by the stuffed shirts—perhaps top-drawer, like BBC. (Indeed, non-

commercial respectable enterprises are likely to be the stuffiest.) Yet if TV is doomed to be pretty expensive, we are doomed in my opinion never to see what it can really do.

PAUL GOODMAN

ART

The Old American Moderns

For several years now, Edith Gregor Halpert has been amusing herself by staging small exhibitions illustrating the Ecclesiastes text about there being nothing new under the sun. Her activities have had an added value because they have taken place in a general art world atmosphere conducive to the belief that to be worthwhile at all, an artistic manner could not have been invented much before last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Halpert launched her series with an impressive demonstration that the purest of abstraction was going on in America from 1900 to 1910. This year, bringing her target further up to date and pushing her sources further back, she presented a round-up of popular signs and symbols in this country from the late 18th and early 19th Centuries, showing not only that Pop Art was going on in those distant days but that it was, on the whole, better done than it is today. Underlying these particular manifestations has been the thesis that the American artistic past was not merely the long prelude it has been pictured; that Americans were creating good art and even good modern art before abstract expressionism was dreamed of. Happily, this theme has now been taken up by a major museum. The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, is now presenting "The New Tradition," with a subtitle: "Modern Americans Before 1940."

There were a lot of them; and, since real time never moves as fast as do the "generations" of the last-Tuesday-afternoon theoreticians, quite a few of them are still making a substantial contribution to the artistic gross national product. The Corcoran exhibition thus becomes not only the record of a distinguished past but also an inventory

of the variety and vitality that existed in American art all the way through our Tuesday afternoon and still do.

In moving through the large show, one is struck again and again by the way in which early experiment was handled as truly experimental by many of the American pioneers. To take three artists, in 1903, John Marin, in his "Weehawken Sequence," was pressing areas of pure, thickly brushed color against each other to create compositional tension. Marsden Hartley, in 1915, was arranging abstract shapes into patterns: targets, waves, stripes, triangles, snakes and ladders were all integrated in a canvas he was calling, with great foresight, "Painting No. 2." In "Landscape, Gloucester," of 1917, Stuart Davis also was subdividing his space among rhomboids and rectangles. Later in the show, which is hung more or less by year rather than by artist, all three move strongly away from the pure aesthetics of space and color arrangement. Their experiments having been of value, they are now out of the laboratory and busy with their art, which, for all three, is intimately connected with the American life around them: Hartley with the massive cylinders of brown logs stacked against the green forest, Marin with the pulsating air and sea of the Maine coast, Davis with the bounce and brass of the big town. In short, another round for Ecclesiastes: the celebrated "return" to the visual world that's been going on since abstract expressionism dropped dead is a late echo of a development in American painting of forty to fifty years ago.

One of the basic dogmas of the last-Tuesday-afternoon school of art theory

has been that Nature is no longer relevant—it doesn't matter to what; like "significant," "relevant" has long been stripped of its relational function. As the 19th Century solemnly proclaimed that God is dead, so the Tuesday-afternooners have long believed that Nature is dead. The artists who created the "new tradition" did not so believe. For many of them Nature was expanded to include the works of man, especially the city, and it is interesting to note a kind of shuttle operating between the city and what an older culture called Nature. Marin, for example, alternated his awareness of the dancing light on the waters of Maine with a sensitivity no less keenly directed to the upward thrust and shimmer of New York. So did Georgia O'Keeffe, who found no trouble shifting from the spare clean lines of new buildings observed in the city to the spare clean lines of a skull observed in the desert.

In Joseph Stella, this alternating current is fused. His singing abstract dance of color and light, "Spring," is quite similar to various urban abstractions of his, yet it is also undeniably expressive of its subject. A different chain from country to city can be seen in the works of Charles Sheeler. Sheeler represents the city in art, and especially industry in art. Yet at the same time he has always cultivated an interest in and an expression of life in the country. At the Corcoran, his celebrated "Bucks County Barn" of 1923 provides a key to the chain. The barn, often reproduced, is a simple reduction to planes and textures of a structure which, in its original, is already reduced to textured planes and not many of them. The change is not really great when Sheeler moves from such barns and silos to the smooth surfaces of refineries, breweries, auto plants and modern industry in general. The suggestion here is that, for example, the Bauhaus, in reaching for the spare and clean of line, had to elaborate a philosophy of design and had to cut through the existing clutter of styles even more elaborate than the new philosophy. Sheeler, and other Americans whose work at first suggests the Bauhaus, had no such necessity. They had but to look around them.

Nature becomes cosmos in at least one

picture in the show: O'Keeffe's still astonishing "From the Plains" of 1919. At the very bottom are blue edged white forms of mountains, establishing that more than nine-tenths of what's going on is doing so above the earth. There, a huge boiling cloud dominates the lower half, bordered on top by a stratum of rippling fire; black above that, broken into a few sharp waves against white, then green streaks softening into deep blue. The picture gives a powerful sense of space and succeeds in conveying—some 40 years before the fact—the most recent adventures of man aloft.

Such extensions of the Nature man is confronted with—into the city and into the cosmos—did not altogether eliminate a plain and patient concern with Nature in the older, traditional sense, and some of the loveliest work in the show is precisely that. The landscapes with figures of Maurice Prendergast, for example, are often spoken of as related to the pointillism of Seurat; in a way no doubt they are, but the effect is completely different. The structure of dots, or points, or swatches, of paint much more nearly suggests the technique of the fully mature John Constable; as with Constable, but not Seurat, Nature for Prendergast lives and breathes through those pulses of paint on canvas.

Essentially the same relationship between art and nature is followed in the paintings of Karl Knaths and Milton Avery. Both are well removed in manner from Prendergast and from each other, but both share with the older artist the ability to create a highly personal painting style which is imbued with a deep sense of Nature observed, felt and known.

The exhibition, thoughtfully assembled by the assistant director, Gudmund Vigtel, is a major contribution to the recherche of the temps perdu that's been going on all year. The successful meeting of art and nature in divers ways from Marin to Calder suggests that the Tuesday afternooners have their relevance the wrong way round. The question may be not whether Nature is any longer relevant to art, but whether the individual artist is up to being relevant to Nature.

FRANK GETLEIN

From the Far East to the East End

Satyajit Ray, the Indian director who made the *Apu* trilogy, is dedicated to putting the nature and truth of his country on film. This gives his work a rooted, authentic quality that most films lack. The attendant risk is the touch of travelogue and the illustrated lecture on folkways. His new film, *Two Daughters*, demonstrates both the quality and the risk.

Two Daughters (Janus)
Sparrows Can't Sing (Janus)

ters, demonstrates both the quality and the risk.

The picture is composed of two separate stories, based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. *The Postmaster* deals with a civil servant assigned to a remote village in a thick, steamy forest. There his only diversion is music with the villagers in the evening and there he is attended by a maid-servant, an orphaned girl of ten, to whom he is exotically wonderful because he comes from Calcutta and magically learned because he is literate and knows English. Plagued by malaria and bored by the place, the postmaster requests a transfer. Only when he leaves does he realize how much the child adores him and that he has broken a unilateral pact of affection.

The Conclusion is about a college graduate who comes back to his village to find that his mother has picked a bride for him, an appropriate but unappealing girl. He is attracted to a tomboy who, in her hoydenish way, likes him. He marries her, but, terrified by her loss of freedom, she flees the bridal chamber on the wedding night. The bridegroom, disheartened but wise, goes back to Calcutta to law school. His patience in *absentia* finally calms her; when he returns, she becomes his wife in fact as well as name.

Both these episodes are made with love of their subjects, settings, and source (Tagore). And—which is not always the case—the presence of love does not mean the absence of skill. Although neither is a marvel of virtuosity and neither is as visually impressive

as the trilogy, they disclose to us their worlds. When the departing postmaster walks down the rain-puddled road between thick walls of trees past the squatting village madman, we are given, in a few moments, a distillation of centuries of one kind of Indian life. When the law student appears for his wedding with a tattooed face, the paradoxes of his country are epitomized. Rewards of this kind adorn both episodes, but the basic element is missing: they are insufficiently interesting dramatically.

The story of the worshipful slavey and the commonplace master was antique before James M. Barrie used it. The mother whose educated son won't marry the nice girl she has chosen is simply Molly Goldberg abroad; the tomboy is the young Katherine Hepburn *et al.* on the Ganges. It may be argued that this proves that the stories deal with universals; but a universal treated without depth—even without

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novelty—is trite, in India or Indiana. In the second episode, which is much the longer, considerable tedium sets in while we wait for the predictable to happen.

In his trilogy, particularly in *Aparajito*, Ray dealt with familiar subjects in a large epic manner. He used nothing as superficial as mere surprise; this national statement of a universal theme involved us because the motions of all human life were involved. In these episodes the small scope and the neat structure change our focus from expectation of the epic to the entertaining. On this level the film moves into a different area of comparison and it falters. Its enrichments of place and custom are peripheral rather than intrinsic, as they were in his earlier work.

Joan Littlewood, the vigorous and unorthodox director of a theater in London's East End, shares some of Ray's feeling of dedication to a people and a milieu. Her first film, *Sparrows Can't Sing*, adapted from a play she produced in her theater, is a folk comedy about cockneys. A big good-looking merchant seaman comes home after two years to find that his determinedly blonde wife is living with someone else. The local code is different from the West End's. He is not outraged by her infidelity, he is injured in *amour-propre* and sets out, not to wallop her, but to win her back. (He will probably have to do it again on his next return.) Buzzing about the principal pair is a chorus of relatives, friendly local tarts, pub friends, Jewish bakers, and a bird-breeding lodger.

The method of the picture is what might be called speedy mosaics: a swift current of generally short scenes which, largely dependent on intercutting between simultaneous sequences, gives

the picture energy and glitter. The serious point of the film, underneath the headlong frivolity, is the intent to show the vitality, the communal richness of true working-class life. Miss Littlewood is not in love with poverty, but, with others, she knows that the language, customs, entertainments of English workers had texture and assurances; and she sees them being dissipated by the very benefits of material progress, by commercialized culture, by spreading "middle-classism." There is a marked contrast between the crowded, cozy flats in the old streets and the antiseptic modern flats in the council houses; and there is some sharp satire about the regulations and anonymity of the new buildings.

What she says is true enough: something valuable is going, along with all that was inhuman, vicious, degrading. The trouble with her film is that its light, flitting method—and it is all method, the story is negligible—is so akin to the best Lubitsch or Minnelli musicals that it acquires an irrelevant slick patina. This feeling is launched right at the start with a title-song sung by the heroine in this otherwise non-musical picture. The veracity of the materials takes on a somewhat false, merry-villager look in this reflected, artificial light.

Another letter about the cutting of *Eclipse*, this time from Detroit. William C. Stone writes that, when he saw it, the film ended with the last parting of the lovers; all of the concluding seven minutes were deleted. I have already noted how barbarous I think this crowd-pleasing cutting is. (Does it really please crowds? Will hordes of people like the cut version who would not have liked the original?) I still cannot see that the lines are clearly drawn, in this nebulous area, for a Great Crusade. But since the tampering is done hopefully to please ticket-buyers, they ought to complain. If any film you see does not correspond to the version you have read about, here or elsewhere, I hope you will at least protest to the theater manager. Perhaps you will even want to write to the distributor. (For *Eclipse* this is Times Film Corp., 144 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.) Ethically and artistically, if not legally, you have been defrauded.

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Correspondence

Good Guys, Bad Guys

Sirs:

Unless I badly misread his article (April 27), Mr. Jacob Meerman's evaluation of our educational problems goes something like this: The Good Guys are members of Liberal Arts faculties. They develop the intellect, transmit the intellectual heritage, and otherwise help students to be more humane. This is not easy to do because the students are, in turn, old dogs, wet rags, drudges, dregs, and unharnessed horses. (And, of all things, fire falls on their deaf ears.) The Bad Guys are Professors of Education who can't "handle" academic disciplines, who promote life-adjustment, and who don't think that Beethoven, anthropology, and William Faulkner are of value.

If Mr. Meerman is a Good Guy (and perhaps an "early bloomer" who was himself educated by Good Guys), then how is it that he writes so badly, understands so little, exhibits no humility, and oversimplifies problems of great complexity?

Neil Postman
Flushing, N. Y.

Academic Freedom

Sirs:

As a teacher who was fired for practicing too much academic freedom in the classroom I can attest to several of Christopher Jencks' statements in his review of *The Censors and the Schools* (NR, May 4). The teaching profession seems to accept almost without question the assumption that young people—especially those who do not continue to college—will not respond to ideas and cannot be made to investigate anything of significance. My school administration was completely disinterested in what I was teaching—a disinterest for which I was grateful because it allowed for freedom of the classroom—until after I had begun work on a certain book. One complaint from one parent about the language in the book—a modern novel—spurred an ignorant and overblown condemnation of both the book and the two teachers using it

in class; a condemnation based upon the complaint of one parent, not upon a knowledge of the book. Never did one member of the faculty or of the school administration stand beside the two teachers, stand up for the rights of teachers, or even show any interest in the motives and ideas of the teachers using the book. The real issue of academic freedom was never even considered by the faculty or administration.

Certainly the teaching profession is underpaid, understaffed, underequipped, and undervalued but it is also undereducated and generally gutless. The teachers themselves will have to stand up for and prepare for their true responsibilities in a free society before "the public" can be expected to understand or support an educational program and approach worthy of this country.

Richard Block
New York

Dunning CIA

Sirs:

Senator Keating's bill in Congress to reimburse New York City for the cost of protecting the Communist heads of state at the UN in September, 1960, is quite in order, except that the extra wages for New York's Finest should be billed to the CIA. That the CIA organized and financed the demonstrations is a peculiar American secret. Every other UN member country knows that the dutiful US taxpayer supported both the demonstrators and the police to control them.

Any attempt to reveal the truth of this extraordinary situation provokes intimidating tactics from the CIA and the FBI. Nevertheless, it is high time that Americans know they are paying \$3 million for the privilege of playing on both sides before a world audience. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds has never been a sign of great intelligence, only Central Intelligence.

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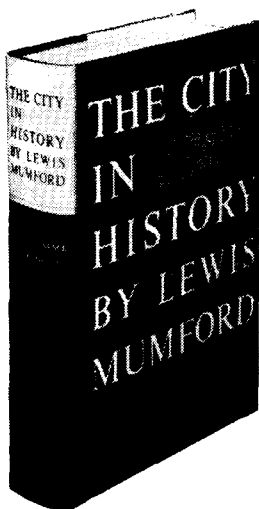
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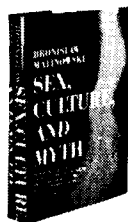


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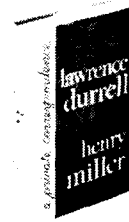
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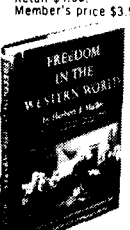
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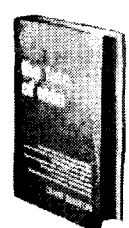
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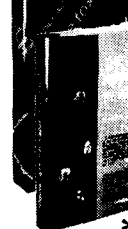
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